BRITANNIA and Eve

FEBRUARY, 1955
TWO SHILLINGS

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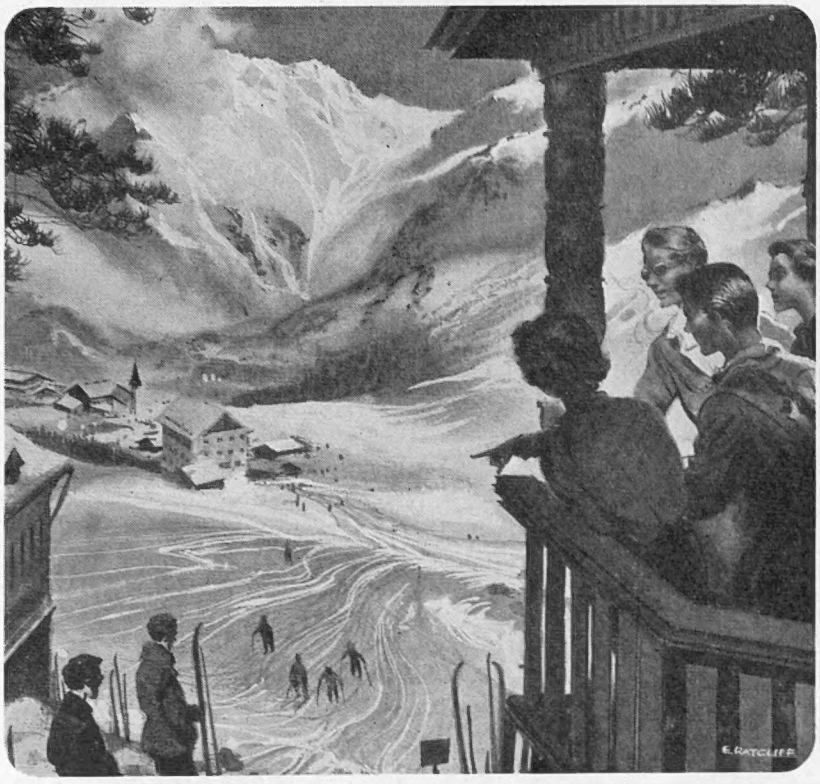

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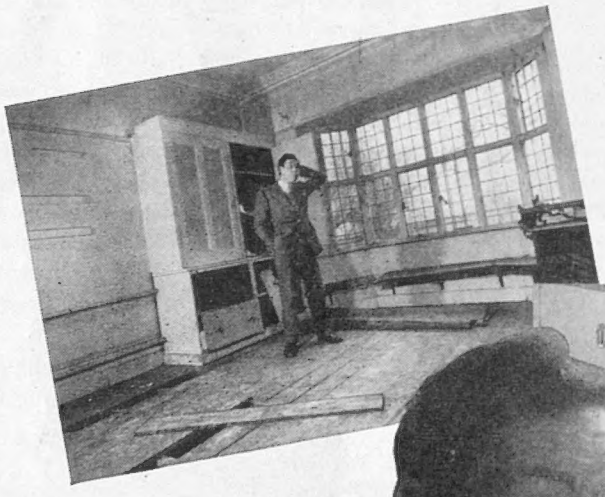

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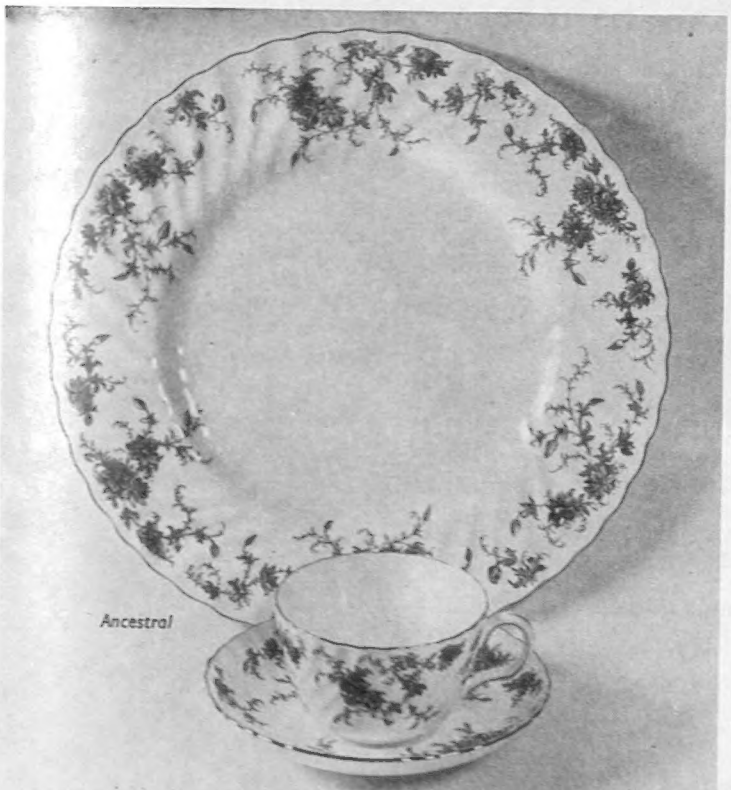

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"I always give her your messages," she said, "but they don't seem to do the trick, darling"

My Love is a Visitor

By MARJORIE STACE

Illustrations by La Fontaine

AS always, when Denise entered *Romani's*, Hugh was waiting for her. And, as always, they paused to look at one another for a long moment, as if the impact of their meeting was too much for them.

Denise would stand on the bottom step of the staircase that wound redly down into the bar, while Hugh rose slowly to his feet, his grave, grey eyes beholding her in a steady glance.

From where Hugh stood now, in the well of the small, softly-lit bar, he saw a woman of delicate, gentle beauty; in many ways, a shy woman, vulnerable as a young girl in her first love, her eyes alert for criticism, her smile uncertain, quick to come but slow to die away.

From where Denise stood on the lowest stair, she saw a tall, dark man of passive handsomeness; a man to whom the early forties had given all the charm of easy assurance and all the attraction of a distinguished appearance.

Their hands touched first, discreetly, grippingly.

"Mouse . . ." said Hugh lovingly, tenderly. Then: "Let 's sit here, shall we?"

"Here" was a red velvet L-shaped corner-seat placed as far from the bar as possible.

Denise put her bag and gloves on the little round table, and Hugh nodded to the barman to make them the drink they always had.

While they waited, Hugh, still holding Denise's hand beneath the folds of her spread, full skirt, said:

"Busy day, darling?"

She had a soft elation which humbled him, a resignation he found oddly touching

She dived into the kitchen. " Darling, what *is* it ? " asked Denise

" One of the worst." She pulled the sort of face that didn't get into the fashion magazines. " *Tub Frocks For The Youthful Forties*. In this weather, too ! "

" Poor mouse." Gently he pressed her hand, conscious of remorse, aware that her having to work at all was all his fault. For apart from the money it earned, over and above the income he was able to allow her, she needed the outside interest . . . now that they were no longer together.

Anxiously he looked at her, studying her face for signs of weariness. But all he could find was a soft elation which humbled him, and a resignation he found oddly touching. His wife . . . or so he still thought of her.

He looked away and said carefully :

" And the brat ? "

" Darling . . . no change since I last saw you I 'm afraid."

" Darling . . ." Softly, urgently, he turned to her ; but the barman had come round from behind the counter, balancing their drinks. " Darling," he began again when they were alone, " isn't there any hope ? Anything we can do ? " Carefully, he didn't add, " after all, she is my daughter. . . ."

Denise looked into the lemon-coloured liquid in her glass.

" She . . . wants to be a missionary, Hugh." She said it in a flat kind of voice, as if that explained everything ; the brat's unyielding stand, her intolerance. " She 's very determined about it."

Hugh made no comment upon this startling announcement. He bent his head, clasped his hands between his knees.

" You gave her my message ? "

" I always give her your messages, but they don't seem to do the trick, darling."

It hurt her to say these things, but pretence could serve no useful purpose now. There had been too much pretence, too much deception. Now everything had to be faced. It was part of the penalty, part of the punishment—hers and Hugh's.

" She resents you so much, my darling. She doesn't trust you."

" She hardly knows me," said Hugh dully.

" But she knows me," said Denise quickly. " She 's afraid for me ; afraid . . ." But she couldn't go on, couldn't add, " . . . *it will happen all over again.*"

" IT " had been Jennie ; willowy Jennie, with hair the colour of a ginger biscuit ; hair that was a red shower about her creamy shoulders, hair that she casually scraped up with a single quick movement and secured with two big pins, leaving enchanting little tendrils by her small, pink ears. Jennie with the green, sleepy eyes of a cat, the pert, tilted nose of a Cockney, and the heart and mind of an empty cardboard-box.

But that was all over now, and it was useless to blame other people ; people who had been shocked, horrified, appalled, scandalised by Denise's anguished acceptance and covering-up of the trite situation ; people, no doubt well-meaning, who had taken sides, formed an emotional tug-of-war to pull the marriage apart. " But, Denny darling, *surely* you 're not going to stand for *that* ! " they had cried. And : " My dear, everyone is saying that he . . ." And : " There they were together, in the centre of the stalls. . . ." And : " How you can close your eyes to it I just don't know ! " And so on. How dead that past was now. Jennie was in Hollywood, married to

her Press agent; Denise and Hugh were drifting aimlessly in the still, stagnant pool into which they 'd been flung after the storm. "*I shouldn't have listened to them . . .*" Denise told herself now, when it was too late.

She turned to Hugh.

"I love you," she said, wanting to lay her cheek against his dark, bent head, wanting to go away with him out of the smart club, wanting to go *home* with him.

Hugh's hand closed over hers.

"Darling . . ." he said quickly, harshly even, because he was too deeply moved, ". . . . I don't blame the brat a bit. I admire her for her loyalty to you. But she 's seventeen now and she ought to take a more tolerant view."

"It 's not easy for her, Hugh. She 's sensitive, emotional. She was with me through most of the bad part, unfortunately. All the tension, the insecurity was somehow transmitted to her." She smiled gently. "That 's all past for us, but not for her."

"If I—explained," said Hugh, with difficulty, his voice low, casual almost, as though they were discussing nothing more personal than the weather.

"She won't see you—yet. But in time, darling; in time. . . ."

SHE crushed her brows together to blot out the memory of her child's frightening weeping, her passionate vows. "*Now we 'll be together, just the two of us, and I won't go to school any more; but I 'll stay at home and light the fires for you, and bring your breakfast up on a tray. . . .*"

It had scared Denise to see how deep a fifteen-year-old's emotions were; how little room there was for tolerance, and how much for fear.

Hugh moved away, replaced his empty glass on the table.

"*In time* sounds a bit bleak, my darling," he said, hopelessly.

"I know," agreed Denise softly, aching to offer him greater comfort, more assurance, "but what else can I say? We had our chance, we had everything once; now we 've got to consider her, put her first. After two years, she 's just beginning to feel a sense of security. . . ." Her eyes became blurred blue pools. "We can't destroy that; we can't, darling!"

The club was quite full by now. All the stools along the counter were taken.

"But if I saw her," persisted Hugh, gently. "Told her how much we love each other, need each other. If I could make her understand that I know it was all my fault, that I blame myself utterly, but that now all I want to do is make you—and her—happy . . . ?"

Slowly Denise bowed her head; remembered the panic her child had flown into at the mere suggestion that she meet Hugh to discuss it.

"More than anything else I want . . ." she began, huskily.

"All right." Hugh's smile was quick, gentle even in his bitter disappointment. "All right, sweetheart. I leave it to you. Whenever it 's all right, whether it 's a year from now, or two or three . . . you know I 'll be waiting."

Guiltily almost, Denise looked at her watch. Her voice was a low cry of alarm.

"Darling, I must go!"

"Now? So soon? But you 've only just come."

Hugh's grey eyes, which were so like his child's, were solemn with pain. "Another drink . . . ?" he beseeched.

"No, no. She 'll be waiting." Hastily, Denise grabbed up her bag, her gloves. "She gets into an awful state if I 'm late, and I have to answer a whole string of questions, you don't *know* . . ." But she didn't immediately go. "What—will you do ?" she asked shyly, almost like a person who has no right to enquire.

TALL, handsome, gentle, he stood there, the waste of their separated lives confronting him in endless empty evenings spent apart from her ; she in the "spinsterish" retreat of her top-floor flat in Kensington ; he in the hollow congeniality of his club.

Now he shrugged. "Have another drink, I suppose, dine somewhere ; potter on round to the club, game of bridge, perhaps, bed."

He followed her up the curving staircase to the hall, where the porter smiled at them, knowing them, knowing all about them, remembering how much of themselves they gave away when they asked breathlessly, "Mr. Rackham arrived yet ?" Or "Good evening, Jim. Mrs. Rackham here yet ?" He turned from his green-baize board of messages, his busy telephone.

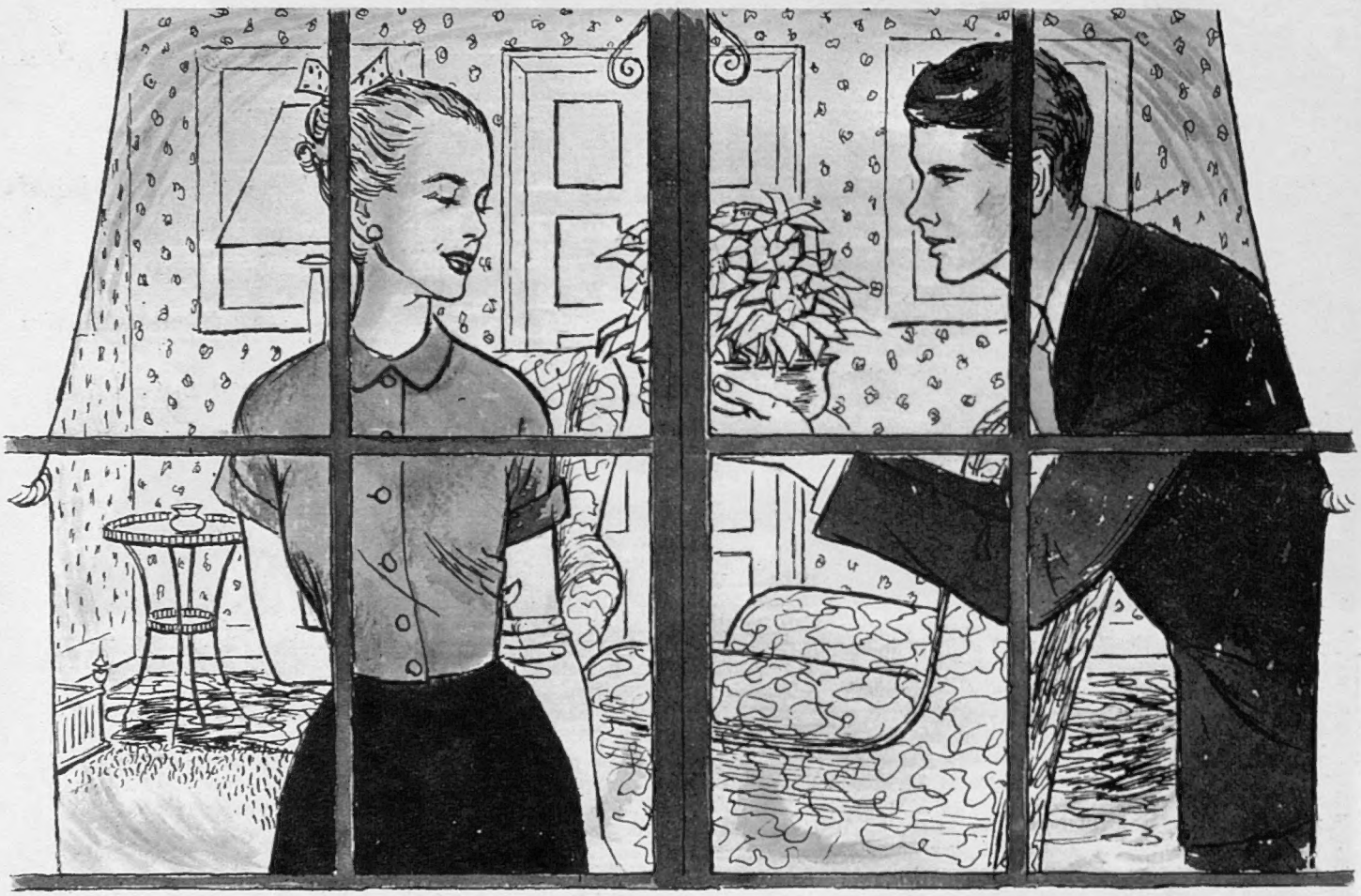
"Taxi, sir ?"

"Not yet, Jim," said Hugh quickly. And to Denise softly : "Darling, I could come with you some of the way . . ."

Despair caught at them both in this moment of parting. It was almost as if Hugh sensed instinctively that this parting might be more final than all the others ; even while the knowledge of it was still only a vague resolution in the back of Denise's mind.

"No, darling. . . . I don't think there 's time. I . . . I need to walk, very fast," she smiled away from him, briefly, bravely, "to readjust."

"I understand, my darling," he said humbly, her anxiety becoming almost more than he could bear. "When



A card lay neatly among the shining leaves—"To the Cabbage from Tony"

can we meet again ? To-morrow ?" He watched her beautiful eyes cloud with uncertainty.

"No,. . . not to-morrow. . . ."

"Thursday, then ?" He hated himself for hounding her.

"I 'll ring you." Desperately she strove to keep her face expressionless "public," unconcerned ; her voice vague and casual, because there were people drifting through the hall, greeting one another, collecting messages, going on down to the bar.

She looked away from Hugh in the peach-tinted mirror beside them, away from the well-remembered feel of his head against the wall of her shoulder, away from the sense of fulfilment that simply being with him gave her.

"One evening, perhaps," he was saying in a tight, constrained voice, "I could come and sit by the fire for a bit. One evening when she 's out ?" Carefully he looked at a point above her head, forced his tone to be gay. "You could sort of make a sign—like putting a plant in the window. I 'd see it," he said, boyishly eager. "I . . . I . . . often go past at about this time. I 'd see it and know it was all right." He grinned. "Do the washing-up for you. . . ."

She left him standing there alone in the busy hall, his eyes holding her with a terrible, beseeching hunger, until she was lost in the dark.

There was a point where she left him behind, a point, on the way to the flat, where she had to re-adapt herself to the demands of her child. Between these two points, suspended between the two elements, a sob rose up and defeated her, while the pain of being torn both ways by the two people whom she loved became frightening in its intensity.

But she knew as she approached the flat, that she would find strength from some mysterious source, find the ability to smile, be normal, describe light-heartedly some of the amusing incidents of the day ; eat, somehow, the tough steak the child had cooked, or the cheese that was like toffee.

Mouse . . . mouse, darling . . .

Frantically, closing her ears to the silly tenderness, she hurried on, her high heels tapping agitatedly on the wide pavement, her mind framing (*Continued on page* 58)

"Toying with the idea of going to live in Mexico"

Knights in Distress

Chivalry, they say, lies dormant and who can wonder when the hand that holds the purse strings is often no longer a man's?

By GRETA LAMB

Illustrations by WETHERBEE

NOT all women look for the same things in men. Some plump for looks, some fat bank balances; some would have brains and others brawn. All, if they realise it or not, look for chivalry.

To-day the woman's chance of finding this ideal grows less and less, poor darling. Yet on second thoughts is it perhaps the men who need our pity? For what use being a Knight when there is a dearth of Maidens in distress? Demand creates supply, and the demand for Knights (apparently) is fast declining.

But why?

The word "emancipation" has an old world ring about it, but the actuality is modern enough, and whether we women like it or not, we've got it. And between you and me and the gatepost I for one don't want it.

I'm sorry for men. I believe under their brusque exteriors knighthood lies dormant. They'd like to plonk cloaks in the mud for us to walk on, but they know we'd laugh in their faces; they'd adore to protect us if only we didn't seem so able to protect ourselves. That is, from everything except ourselves. All these distressed and out-of-work Knights, I'm sure, have their hands on their scabbards but see no point in drawing the sword.

As often as we sigh for strong men, they must long for clinging women. Why do couples queue in the rain to see romantic films? Because men want to meet some loving feminine women and women want to bask vicariously in the fire of heroic-seeming men. They both get it for an hour or two, then out into the rain again, to be disappointed in each other.

(*Continued on page* 58)

"Rush to open doors before he can do it for them"

Michael Sherard is not only one of our great couturiers but a man who sees life and people and the clothes they wear with a penetrating eye and a kindly wit. So, we have asked him to write us a monthly . . .

Sherard's view

. . . . of the life, the people and the things which revolve about a top dress designer's sa

INTRODUCTIONS and new meetings are always exciting. They mean to me the opening of unexpected doors, strange and changing vistas, fresh points of view, new friends, maybe stimulating ideas found in a chance conversation—even a theme for a new Collection born from a customer's personal view.

I am grateful to "Britannia and Eve" for asking me to write this series for readers unknown to me, but who, I hope, will become my friends. I shall tell you of the people I meet at business in my showroom and around London—and how lovely, interesting or intelligent they are about their clothes, homes and way of life. Sometimes, but not often, I hope to tell you of the obvious mistakes I see in their approach to dress and from my experience to make suggestions as to why and where they have gone wrong. Often I think such errors spring from ambition to be an individualist without discretion or for the lack of that most fortunate gift—inborn taste. A wish to defy convention without any reason, merely for the sake of exhibitionism.

A dress designer or couturier, which sounds grander but is exactly the same thing (and by the way, I hate bogus grandeur; the simplest name is always best and usually the most descriptive) is a lucky person. His way lies in the path of colour and constructive creation; yet it is in no way an easy life. Particularly if one has one's own house to guide through all its devious problems—customers' temperaments and staff temperaments, let alone one's own. Yet these all seem to dovetail and end happily. We still have to pretend the customer is always right; even with women like the one who comes to mind, whose husband was a famous man, and for whom no house will make. Frankly, if she *was* likeable, no one would want to make for her for, as my fitters say, "She gives nothing to a dress." The quality she lacks is, of course, that secret which all good model girls have of wearing clothes. There is, as far as I know, no name for this quality. You can call it flair—making the dress part of yourself and yet being fully aware of it, able to forget it.

ONE'S nicest customers are seldom the most wealthy or smartest, but they have "*chic*." Some of these have become my best friends—I say this, for I think it unwise to make friends of those you work for—but there are, of course, exceptions. I personally hate designers who suffer from that intolerable and unforgivable disease, "*folie de grandeur*"—we are all "in service" or should be if we are worth our salt; one is perhaps the captain of a team yet useless on one's own without the rest of the side. Take away any designer's key staff—tailors and fitters—and in many houses the entire "idiom" would change.

A champagne nylon gauze evening gown, which was one of the successes of a show given for the Queen Mother, carries the Sherard signature in a typically happy union of the feminine with elegant simplicity

By MICHAEL SHERARD

To explain what I mean, let me tell you about the disposition of a Couture House. On the creative side, the king-pin is the designer. Close to him are his tailor and dressmaking fitter. She, or he, is responsible for the cutting and planning of models from sketches, after having very fully discussed the fabric, the grain in which it has to be cut and the behaviour of that particular material, with the designer. Customers seldom realise it, but it is because of this very careful and much-thought-about "back-room" work that it is unwise to change the material in which a model has been made for some other type, unless the saleswoman and fitter advise that the new material will behave as well as the original.

Working under the tailor and fitter are cutters or "seconds," who, once the Collection is made and in full swing, are responsible for most of the cutting and for supervision of the workrooms in which they have a number of dressmaking hands under their control. These in their turn are responsible to the fitter for the actual making of the garments. They are helped by assistants and improvers—younger girls growing up in the (*Continued on page* 60)

What's this about GROOMING?

By BARBARA WOODHOUSE

It is easy to overdo the business of brushing and bathing, says the well-known author of "Training Dogs My Way"

MANY dog owners fine great pleasure in grooming their pets, and the dogs respond by enjoying the process, too. But to some dogs and owners it is sheer purgatory. The dogs express their loathing of a bath by making a commotion which ends with shaking their soaking coats over the best carpets and running with wet paws on the polished floor.

Some grooming is necessary to keep a dog healthy and beautiful to look at, and for long-coated dogs grooming should be a daily routine. Long-coated dogs that have to be exercised in the mud and wet create a problem not every owner enjoys tackling. First the dog has to be dried, then brushed, combed and even bathed, but it is essential if he is not to suffer.

I saw an extreme case of lack of grooming the other day, when a red cocker was brought from forty miles away to me to have his collar put on! He was a sorry sight with matted ears, but he fought and even bit his owner, who was very fond of him, whenever a brush was produced. Obviously, this grooming business was extremely painful to him, with his coat in this neglected state, and as he had grown to connect the collar with the grooming process, he resisted the sight of the brush strongly. I put on the collar and groomed him, but suggested that the owner should take him to a vet and let him give an anæsthetic before having his ears trimmed and treated. The pain which could not be avoided when combing out the tangles might have destroyed what remained of the dog's confidence in his mistress.

SHORT-COATED dogs, on the other hand, are more likely to suffer from too vigorous brushing. The grooming brush must vary with the type of coat, always avoiding too harsh a brush that might cause discomfort to the dog by abrading the skin. A long-coated dog needs a long-bristled brush, but a smooth-haired dog like a Dachshund is far happier with a brush glove or even a chamois. It is really the massaging of the coat that stimulates the glands and gives that beautiful bloom to a healthy dog.

My own two short-coated dogs get very little grooming, but they enjoy so much stroking by their admirers, often wearing gloves, that one can nearly see one's face in their shining coats So, except for a monthly bath, I have very little to do. It is only when they are moulting that they get vigorous brushing to get out the old coat and to save hairs on the carpets.

From the start, a dog must be taught to stand quietly for his beauty treatment. Any attempt to bite the brush should be checked, even if it is only in play. There is a very narrow margin between that sort of rough play and serious biting and it should not be encouraged.

I meet many dogs in a year who hate being groomed, but I am sure the owners are to blame, not the dogs. If properly and regularly done, grooming should be soothing, not unpleasant. If I say "brush" to my own dogs, their tails wag fifty to the dozen, even though they don't often enjoy this treat.

Of course, for show purposes owners get up to all kinds of grooming tricks, but I am only concerned with the average pet dog. Apart from the minimum care needed to keep the dog's coat in good condition, I (*Continued on page* 60)

Do you think you're Pharaoh's daughter?" John said sullenly

Goodbye My Glasshouse

By JILLIAN SQUIRE

Illustrations by DEREK JAMES

IT was one of those mornings when the whole world smiles ingratiatingly, like a child who has been through tantrums, despair and rage and now is determined to be loved.

The sun shone upon a landscape that brooked no memory of yesterday's tears and vicious gales. The fairways of Riverside Golf Club were dotted with better-class golf-wear on, of course, better-class golfers, and over the western hills, three little sea horses of white cloud pranced skittishly across a sky of palest blue.

Between golden murmuring rushes on one bank and swaying salaaming flax on the other, the river flowed evenly on.

John L. Sullivan, not the actor, nor yet the fighter, but six foot three of rugged 1954 manhood, watched the river flow.

He had been watching it for some time.

There was a considerable amount of water, he reflected profoundly, gone past him. A lot was right now going past, for it was a wide river. And when you come to think about it there was what John termed a whale of a lot still to come, and all much of a muchness.

Like life, John thought, and cast a stone into the placid stream to upset it a bit.

He watched the effect with satisfaction, to the last scalloped ripple. And had a momentary twinge of conscience over his sudden intense wish that the stone, or the affronted river, or both of them, had been Miss Evadne Gilchrist.

Evadne Gilchrist was John's fiancée.

She was everything a man could wish, John knew. Beautiful, rich, witty, of assured social position and impeccable taste. What was more she loved John deeply and they would undoubtedly be married in the spring, when the lily of the valley was in bloom. Evadne had said so.

Thinking of the lily of the valley, here, there, everywhere, inexorably pushing up through the ground, impaling as it were John's quivering defenceless soul upon its rotten

"Come on Evadne," he said with a laugh. 'Give you a game"

little spears, John shuddered. Immediately, two sea birds, hitherto attracted to each other, thought better of it and wheeled away over the estuary with a loud cry of sympathy.

"Damn everything," John muttered. Even birds could fly away.

And right from the next flax bush a curly topped fair head appeared and a voice said cheerfully: "Hallo, Moses. Damn you too. Isn't it a glorious day?"

"I suppose," John said sullenly, but with a few shreds of gallant banter still clinging, "you think you're Pharoah's daughter?"

The head pushed further through. It was attached to a slim and shapely figure in patched blue dungarees. One small brown hand trailed a fishing rod haphazardly.

"Could be," the impish face said artlessly. "Incognito, of course." She chose a grassy hummock and sat down, her hands clasped around her knees. "What's the trouble?" she asked, one peaked eyebrow raised inquiringly.

John looked at her and looked away. She was a pretty kid, a very pretty kid indeed. But young. Far too young to know life as Sullivan knew it. "Nothing you'd understand," he said. He drew a deep breath and smiled at her, a sad, world-weary smile. "You might say that life has caught up with me. In fact," he added, letting himself go somewhat under the sympathy in those clear eyes surveying him, "you might say life has run me down."

"Women," she said, nodding wisely.

"Woman," corrected John.

They fell silent, both looking over the water and thinking their own thoughts. John's seemed to be improving a little, what with the sun, the scene, and the unmistakable beauty of his companion. He glanced at her sidewise and was surprised to find her smiling. Apparently her own thoughts were satisfying.

"Been fishing?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said carelessly. "I don't fish."

John looked at the fishing-rod and laughed. "Is that just for effect? To go with the garb?"

"In a way," she said. "What were you doing?"

"Doing? Oh, I see. Well, as a matter of fact I'm waiting for Evadne." He nodded in the direction of the palatial clubhouse.

"A girl?"

"Woman." Somehow it seemed disrespectful to call Evadne a girl.

"The woman?"

"Yes," John said loyally. "A fine woman—young, of course."

"Of course," she said. And after a moment. "Well, that's grand, isn't it?"

"Hi," John said as she scrambled to her feet. "Don't go. Where are you going? I don't even know your name——"

"Just a girl," she said, and grinned wickedly at him. "Definitely not a woman."

"A girl called . . . ?" John smiled at her, a very special smile that had made Evadne Gilchrist think twice about marrying Harold Rowlands of the soap-works fortune on a certain evening last July. So now the small angler who yet was no angler smiled back, and was lost.

"Ria," she said softly.

"That's a sweet name," he said slowly. Mentally he gave Evadne a swift push back from his shoulder and added recklessly: "And you're very sweet, too."

She coloured, frowned, and drew back the hand he had seized so impulsively. The startled expression changed to a mocking grin. "Not a bad name," she agreed. "Short for rhinoceros, of course. The surname, naturally, is Mud."

"I'll remember," he said gravely.

She was looking past him to the car-park running up to the club-house. "There's someone who will remind you," she said with a chuckle. John turned to see Evadne on the club-house terrace, craning her neck in a well-bred glare.

"Well," he said hastily, "I'd better be on my way. I hope I'll see you again, Ria."

"I expect you will," she said off-handedly. "I'm often around this part of the links."

"Playing golf?"

"Oh, no," she said sweetly. "Just mudlarking."

JOHN was grinning to himself in spite of coming ever closer to Evadne's radio-active disapproval. She was certainly a miss, that little Ria. Girls like that made the world a brighter place. Of course, he thought wisely, looking at Evadne's classic profile above the perfectly tailored jacket of her suit, all girls, women that was, couldn't be alike. The world would be a dull place and so on if——

"I see you found company," Evadne said coldly. "They shouldn't allow these little tramps to roam around the links."

"Did you think she looked a little tramp?" John asked, conscious that from the distance, at least, she did.

Evadne made a sound that in a lesser young woman would be called a snort. "It's obvious *you* didn't. John, don't you think you make rather a fool of yourself at times?"

He let that pass. At the moment he felt the time he'd

made the biggest fool of himself was when he asked Evadne Gilchrist to marry him.

It went back further than that. It seemed to John as he drove Evadne home from her golf-committee meeting, offering the right comment here, withholding the natural one there, that his initial foolishness had been in listening to Evadne's father when the old boy had been so lit up after St. Francis's football match.

They had been celebrating the glorious victory when old Tod Gilchrist, himself an Old Franciscan and one-time rep., had invited the whole team home for dinner. Seven of them had accepted, including John. As Stump Marchant said, the old boy was so pressing, and everyone knew he was a widower with pots of money and lashings of servants. Seven extra for dinner wouldn't mean a thing.

Also, John recalled, they were all pretty pleased with themselves by that stage, nobody was in the mood for polite refusal.

They had walked in, he remembered, following old Gilchrist through the princely entrance of his mansion, to sink into the luxurious off-white carpet of the hall. Even Stump looked a bit taken aback at the magnificence of it all. John tried to shake off his own swift awareness of crumpled sportswear and general dishevelment. After all, wasn't it just a case of one Old Franciscan asking a few other Old Franciscans home for dinner?

Actually there was no dinner.

Instead, John and his six tough-looking henchmen followed Tod Gilchrist into the lounge and barged into the midst of one of Evadne Gilchrist's most formal cocktail parties.

"No matter," Tod was saying. "Actually—I forgot about this. A few friends of m'daughter's. They'll all be delighted to see you."

He led the way to a startled Evadne. "Oh, good show, good show!" he told her, his keen old eyes glistening behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "John L. here and the boys cleaned 'em up. Sent the snipers back where they belong."

"Oh," Evadne said coolly. "What were they playing?"

"Cleaned 'em up," her father repeated. "Finest game in years." He realized Evadne was waiting. "Stump Marchant," he introduced, "skipper. And John L. Sullivan, named after the famous pug, I should imagine, and as deadly a full-back as Old Franks have had in years."

John shook his head. "I'm sorry about this, Miss Gilchrist. I think we'll be getting along. Some other time. We had no idea." That was when he smiled, all he knew. Anything to get the crowd out of trouble.

And that was exactly when Evadne Gilchrist decided that John L. Sullivan was worth cultivating. "You mustn't dream of going," she said charmingly. "Daddy, we won't hear of their going, will we? Jenkins, drinks for our guests of honour. We want to hear all about the game!"

It was strange to think that all this was just six months ago, John thought, answering Evadne's remarks with an automatic reflex action that was becoming ever more smooth in performance these days.

THINGS had moved so swiftly. He had been a little nettled when Evadne Gilchrist had included him in her party for the Charity Ball that following week; though until he arrived for dinner he had not had any idea that he was to escort his hostess. He had been flattered. And Evadne was excellent company. As her father said, once you understood Evadne you knew her worth. Her father obviously adored her.

But when Tod Gilchrist had telephoned John and asked him to his office for a chat and had put up the proposition for John's entry into the Gilchrist stock and station agents' firm on remarkably sound and generous terms, there had been no talk of Evadne. It was as one Old Boy of St. Francis's to another, to one who (*Continued on page* 61)

"I've got you," he said. Then he carried Ria to the bank

Work a bit of Magic

Of all the sorcery that belongs to women's clothes, there is nothing that quite equals the magic of a Paris hat

Illustrations by FISCHE

TO the French, a hat achieves its object in many different ways. By its freshness of line; by its stimulating colour effect; by its witty appeal; by its shock tactics. And, of course, by sheer charm—though never forgetting the overall aim of each different dress silhouette. A hat has to be a part of, or an extension of the whole ensemble. Perhaps that is why so many of the top couture dressmakers like to make their own hats. If a top heavy coat silhouette needs a pin sized bit of hat nonsense, or a super slim one something with a large and wavy brim—so be it.

Part of the fun of this season's collections certainly lies in the charming way hats have been teamed with the appropriate suits, coats and dresses. But no less a part of the fun is that so many of these ideas are not only fascinating, but also very copiable. They can be made from feathers, from scraps of fur and from ribbon, especially ribbon. If you ever dreamed of a Paris hat—now is certainly your chance !

Givenchy in particular shows a score of pretty ideas—favouring particularly tulle and ribbon. Tulle or ribbon trifles that leave the hair to frame the face, but catch the colour of suit or frock in a bow or "chou" at the back.

Ninna Ricci makes a lot of fur flattery. High tapering hats with matching bags like the one in the drawing. Fath uses fur, too. His most telling number is simply a small sailor hat worn staight across the brow. A tiny mink stole curls round the crown giving it a delicious, wide, nineteen-hundredish look. Germaine Lecompte has a wonderfully becoming white fur beret. Here is surely an idea ! And then there are feathers—which almost all the designers use. It is certainly a season for taking your ideas from Paris.

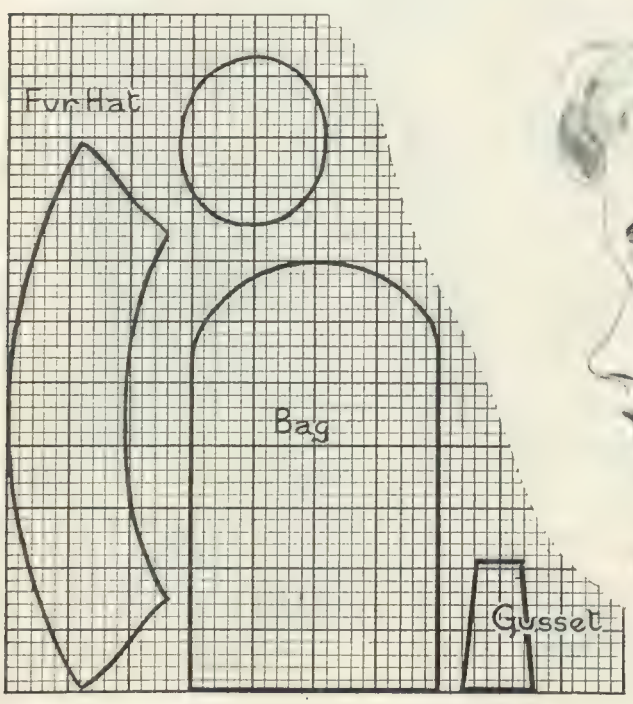
For the cocktail or theatre hat sketched on this page, you need a yard and a half of ribbon velvet about four inches wide and a tiny scrap of book muslin to stiffen the top. Cut off a piece of ribbon measuring five inches and shape with a point at each end. Stiffen this piece with the book muslin or similar material and neaten the raw edges. Cut the remainder of the ribbon in two and line with thin silk. Attach an end at either side and tie with an extravagant bow slightly to one side.

FOR the feather creation on the page opposite, the crown of almost any old hat would make a suitable base. Cut the crown shallower at the back than at the front. Start attaching the feathers at the front and work backwards as shown in the diagram below. Neaten the back by attaching a few feathers under the hat, curled over to hide the last quills. Feathers can be either stitched on or stuck with milliners' paste or one of the new plastic sticking agents which can be bought in tubes.

One and three quarters of a yard of satin or velvet ribbon and a pretty rose are all that are needed for the hat sketched in the centre of the opposite page. All you do is tie the ribbon round to fit the head, with a big bow at the back, and sew the rose on to the long end which comes over the shoulder. If the ribbon is rather floppy, the wings of the bow might have to be lined or stiffened with a little wire. What a delicious idea for a cocktail frock that needs enlivening !

The fur hat and bag are a rather more ambitious piece of millinery, but still not difficult to make. The diagram shows how much fur you need; incidentally, fur fabric would do beautifully. Perhaps you have a scrap of fur that would be manoeuvred to (*Continued on page* 64)

Diagram for cutting the fur hat and bag set. The scale is one small square to two inches.



These pretty headpieces are from Paris. Choose the one you like the best and make it from fur or feathers, velvet ribbon and a rose. The simple instructions for them all, including the matching fur bag, are here

A LONDON FEBRUARY

means warm clothes by day; evening casuals emerging like butterflies from the chrysalis of topcoats

Delia accepts no rift between office and pleasure clothes: she is chic *all* the time. Here she is wearing an impeccably-cut bloused-back suit inspired by Fath and tailored by Mornessa in magnetic pastel tweed, 10 gns. at Dickins & Jones. Her piquante hat, also with a French accent, is "Gamin" by Walmar, £2 9s. 11d. at Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus: in white, as here, and many colours. Her companion wears a warm dress in small check (a popular pattern now, and will be throughout the coming season), the darker colour—brown, navy or black—underlined by the matching velvet collar and cuffs. This is a dress of a particularly attractive design, the high neck, close sleeves, and tight bodice balanced by a copious gored skirt stemming from the beltless, "princess" torso.
By Ivis, 6 gns. at Corot, Bond Street: Alders, Croydon: Edgars, Carlisle

Delia is the lucky host, not having to go outdoors, and so can wear a glamorous Latin blouse in pearl-lustred satin, by Maxime de la Falaise, 17½ gns. from Harvey Nichols. Worn the other way up, this magical garment becomes a jacket (*centre, top*). With it, luxurious pants of black velvet embroidered in gold thread. By Laddies, from £5 at Selfridges: Lewis Ltd., provincial branches. To complete the exotic outfit, Ferrina shoes by Ferragamo, the last word in style and comfort, 5½ gns. at A. M. Ashmore, Birmingham, or write 23, Grosvenor Street. Her guest (shedding a husky topcoat) enjoyed the indoor warmth in a pure silk shantung two-piece—it is a mistake to think of silk as a summer material only. By London Town, about 13 gns. at Dickins & Jones; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Her shoes, stout enough for walking out, soft enough for indoors, are "Sofshoes," £2 19s. 9d. at Marshall & Snelgrove: Stewarts, Manchester; Pattersons, Dundee

The place is Scotland; the time, morning and evening; the dramatis personae, two sisters, for this

EARLY SPRING QUARTET

When Mrs. Weston visited her young married sister, Marion Ross, in Scotland, the weather was anything but clement. Suitably dressed, however, they walked carefree over the moors, Marion wearing a reversible jacket in black and peacock blue proofed with the new wonder water-repellent, silicone. In a choice of six colours, £3 12s. 6d., by Valstar, at all leading stores. With it she wore a peacock-blue tweed skirt by Gor-Ray: in other colours also, £2 12s. 6d. from leading stores, or write 107, New Bond Street, W.1. Mrs. Weston wore a Donegal tweed weatherproof; in a pastel mixture, with matching hat, it affords protection against wind and rain, yet does not look out of place when the sun shines. By Paul Blanche, 10 gns. at Handleys, Southsea; and leading London stores.

The harder frost and fog press against the window pane, the more reluctant is one to go out, and the fireside becomes a favoured despot. For dinner, the sisters dressed each according to her type. The ultra-feminine Mrs. Weston, with her just-greying hair, had found a short evening dress in sapphire-blue lace which was ideal for her with its "picture" neckline and tight three-quarter sleeves, which might indeed have come from a Romney portrait. By Brenner, 15 gns. at Eve Valére, Knightsbridge; Estelle, Southport. The more tomboy, outdoor-girl Marion chose a covered-up, svelte dress cut on the Fath line, the characteristic buckle fastening the cummerbund its only ornament. Made to measure in faccecloth, black or colours, by Mme. Morell, 24, Curzon Street, London, W.1, for about 28 gns.

In Paris, collars have mushroomed into the utmost importance: a suit, coat, or dress is often severely plain, to be the better foil to a vast, exuberant collar. Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge have copied the most interesting of these collars in their own workrooms, where our sketches were made

Above, left: Detachable high collar of Persian lamb, which puts on over the head and ties in the middle like a pie-frill. Nina Ricci design

Above, right: Black suit after Fath, with scarf collar pulled through a large diamante buckle: smaller buckles at cuffs

Centre, left: Straight collar of honey-coloured fox on a camel suit, after Nina Ricci

Centre, right: Dress of "chain-mail"—an untarnishable metallic thread—with exaggerated fleur de lys collar

Below: Pie-frill collar again, this time in white ermine, to dress up a plain black suit. After Fath

BRIGHT IDEAS

Stockings with a difference, gayer gloves, and on the left, adventurous collars

For legs: (*above*) Wolsey's "Airway" with special ventilation under the sole and at the toes. In a range of ten shades, 10s. 11d. from leading stores
Right, top: Kayser Bondor's "Bend-Easy": a band of crimped nylon knitted in below the welt "gives" with the movement of the leg and prevents broken threads at the knee. In three leg-lengths and a wide choice of shades, 9s. 11d. from leading stores
Right, below: Identity-banded Ballito, here red, meaning the longest wearing, for country and cold weather; next on the scale, blue, for town day wear; then yellow for afternoons; finally white, gossamer-fine for evening. Prices: 9s. 11d. to 12s. 11d. from leading stores
For hands: Morley's decorated Duplex fabric gloves, with silky flock sprayed on in patterns which just can't come off. The "polka dot" above is 12s. 11d.; the "pyramid" below, 12s. 6d. There are also floral designs, and ten colours to choose from

Illustrations by JOAN PACE

SHADES . . .

The lampshade above is made with candle-wick which can be bought in skeins, and is simply wound round the wire frame. Alternatively, it can easily be made of raffia, treated in the same manner. The pleated paper shade on the right can also be adapted for a ceiling light fitment

By varying shape and proportion, attractive lampshades can be devised from the simplest materials. Both these below are made of paper, the shallow one on the table-lamp in patterned wallpaper, the shade for the wall light in flock paper with a white lining showing through the cut-out pattern and edges thonged with leather

Illustrations by ESME EVE

Even the prettiest lampshades which give such a cachet to a room are easy to make if you know how. Try your hand at these in raffia, candlewick or printed paper

By EILEEN ARUNDEL

EACH of these shades is easy to make using a wire frame of the appropriate size and shape as a basis. These lampshade frames can be obtained from many department stores and most handicraft shops. The first step in each case is to cover the frame by binding first the uprights and then the top and bottom rings with bias binding in white or a colour to match the lining of the shade. The binding must be neat and tight so that it does not sag and stretch, or show through the finished lampshade.

The first lampshade, illustrated at the top of the opposite page, is made in candlewick which can be bought in skeins in many colours. This one was made in red, white and blue. Choose a lampshade frame with strong vertical struts, more than four if possible. Loop the candlewick over the lower rim and secure with a few stitches, leaving the end of candlewick to be tucked neatly away when the shade is finished. Bind the candlewick over the frame, finishing with a blanket stitch knot at the bottom (see Diagram A). Continue all round, making three or four white strands, then blue, then red and so on, joining each colour on the inside.

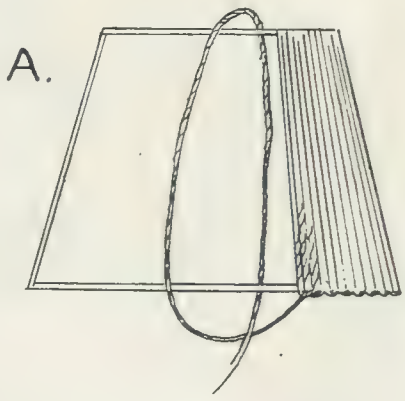
The neatest way of doing this is to bind the two ends together with matching sewing thread and fastening with a stitch or two. When the shade is completed, take the end of the candlewick to the inside, secure firmly with a few stitches and tuck the end out of sight. A similar shade can be made with raffia using the same blanket stitch principle, but in this case the raffia strands could be joined on the inside by knotting the two ends.

MANY attractive papers for making lampshades are available at handicraft shops and some stationers. The flat pleated shade in the illustration was made of glossy paper, red on top and white on the underside, drawn up with a white silk cord. If you want a red shade, it is essential that the underside is either cream or white, as red absorbs too much light and gives a subdued lighting effect. For this shade, you will want a shallow, flattish wire frame.

To make this shade, cut out a strip of paper 1 in. longer than the circumference of the bottom ring of the frame and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wider than the depth of the frame (this allows $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. for the straight band round the edge of the frame and 1 inch beyond the wire at the top). It may be necessary to join the paper to get the required length, in which case join with paste and allow to set firmly before making up.

With a soft pencil, mark for the pleats, following Diagram 1 making them 1 inch wide at the top and tapering to nothing at X. Start for the first pleat $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from the end of the paper and leave $\frac{1}{2}$ in. beyond the last pleat for the join. In the centre of each pleat and 1 inch from the top, mark for the hole which is to take the cord. Pleat by bringing the full line to the dotted line as indicated in Diagram 1.

Open out the pleated paper and punch holes over the dots with a leather punch, making them large enough to comfortably take the cord. Rub out the pencil marks and paste the short sides together. When the paste is dry, thread the cord through the holes, see Diagram 2. (*Continued on page* 60)



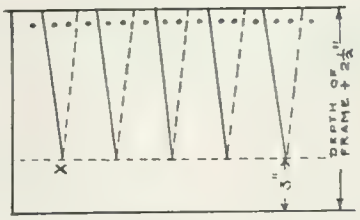


DIAGRAM 1.

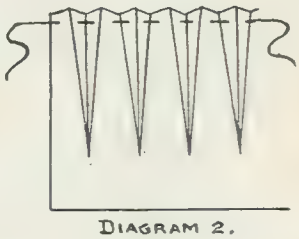


DIAGRAM 2.

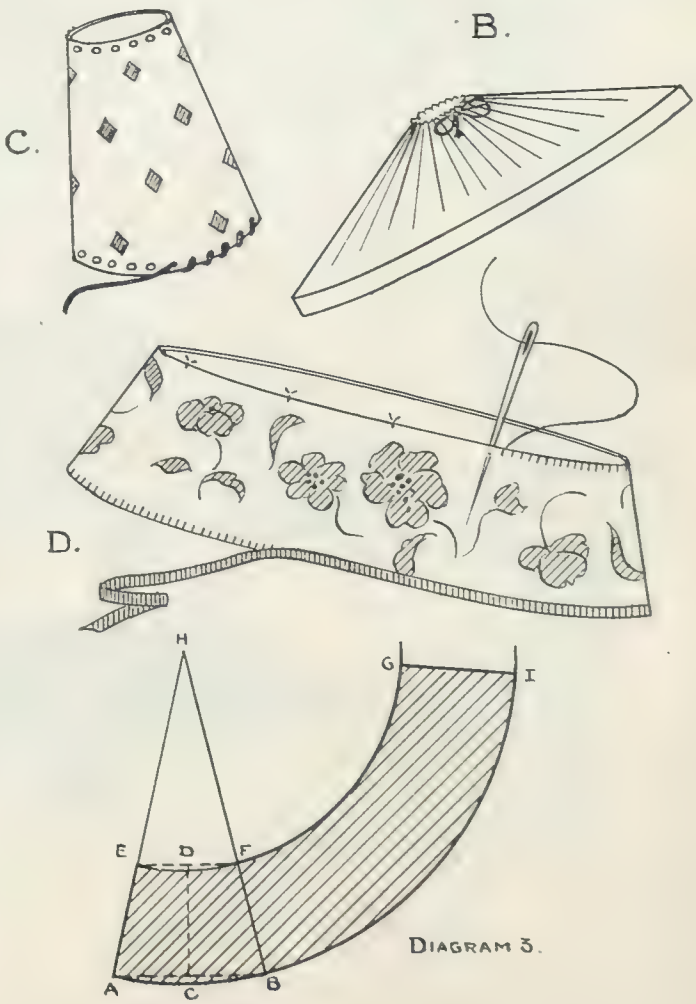


DIAGRAM 3.

The Apple-tree, the Singing and the Gold

by SUSAN MUIR

The house lay burnished in the sun, awaiting a master who had no place in it

IN the village Polly was touched with the edge of her husband's fame, as if tentative fingers reached out to feel a substance become suddenly strange to them. It was not so much a reflected glory which was bestowed upon her—not, at least, a glory shining with warmth and enthusiasm—as a distance made, a setting apart, so that she was tinged with Adrian's alienism.

It was Polly who belonged to Larchbarrow, not Adrian. In that quiet place her imagination had supplied dreams of marriage represented by a knight on a snow-white steed, who would swing her up on his saddle and bear her away; and Adrian had been like that, a little, except that his achievement in sweeping her off her feet had materialized only in spirit. He had no roots himself.

Like the knight-errant he personified, the world was his parish, and taking Polly he also took the Old Vicarage which was her inheritance, leaving her in the setting she had known as a child and a maiden. Leaving her, quite literally, since his own destiny lay in far places and allowed no compromise with the domestic scene.

Preparing for Adrian's homecoming, Polly could not persuade herself that the house was burnished for a master who had established any place in it. Neither Larchbarrow, slow and doubting where foreigners were concerned, nor the Old Vicarage itself, had learned to accept him; he had been a visitor and he was returning in the same cloak of strangeness.

This time he would come as a distinguished visitor, and the distinction drew him a little further outside the community's acceptance. Polly knew it all, and saw it reflected in the attitude of her neighbours, and most of all in Hannah Briggs who was her servant and companion and the ruler of her household.

Hannah's orgy of cleaning was her contribution to a welcome offered in duty but without warmth. Her tireless years had been spent in keeping the house beautiful, and it stood in no apparent need of such ministrations; the gesture was necessary to her, not to the objects on which she bestowed her attentions. Polly helped, understanding Hannah's feelings and even sharing them a little.

"I wonder," she said to Hannah, "if Adrian will notice all this. If he'll like it—if it will mean anything."

Hannah grunted, down on her hands and knees against the gleaming floor.

"There's the improvements. He hasn't seen the improvements, not since they were finished. (*Continued on page* 63)

Illustration by SHERBORNE

She was flying, oyously flying through dappled sunshine as she had flown through the long days of her childhood. She did not hear the sound of the car along the road . . .

Shevchenko

Make a good ENTRANCE

Between the outside world and the intimacy of the home itself, comes the hall, colourful and welcoming

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

SOMEBODY once said: "Show me a man's books and I'll tell you what kind of person he is." It should, I feel, be possible to say: "Show me the hall and I'll tell you what the home is like and what kind of people live there." For the hall is our introduction to the world: a shorthand note that sums up for strangers the indefinable but unmistakably individual atmosphere of our home as distinct from all others.

Or, rather, it could be. In practice it is more often a necessary but uninviting repository for a couple of greasy raincoats, a battered, if still useful, felt hat, an odd assortment of unused walking sticks and a dog-lead or two. And the hall itself is often discouragingly unco-operative: perhaps poky and badly lit, an uncompromising little square or a tunnel-like corridor with the staircase skulking shamefacedly against one wall.

Yet even this unpromising material can become what a hall should be—a colourful and welcoming buffer between the alien outside and the intimacy of the home proper, a place where we as well as our visitors, become, so to speak, acclimatized to a change of atmosphere.

We can be as daring as we like in the hall since no one is going to spend very long at a time there and it is usually small enough to re-decorate easily and inexpensively. But a hall must be practical as well as decorative. Every household needs a kind of no-man's-land between inside and out where gum-boots can be discarded, umbrellas left to drip and outdoor clothes are always handy.

The trouble is that none of these things is very beautiful. The average "hall-stand"—itself no beauty—turns them into a "feature" and it is difficult to find a conventional hat-rack that does not look like a bad joke.

The answer is to hide as much away as possible in a built-in cupboard. When the hall is very small, a canted front will appear to take up less room. But, in any case, a built-in cupboard will soon seem part of the architecture itself so it can be used to re-shape an awkward hall, creating an interesting alcove in a square one or fore-shortening a long, narrow one. (*Continued on page* 65)

Illustrations by SHEILA TIZZARD

In the author's own hall (above) a horizontal row of prints at eye level distracts attention from a bare wall above (photograph by courtesy *Ideal Home* magazine). Sketched below are a simple built-in fitment for a hall and (right) a contemporary clothes rack (Heals)

A plywood fixture for plants screens a cottage front door opening straight into a room

Exploit a high staircase ceiling with dark paper and walls in contrasting pastels

Lemon walls and a front door faced with purple felt and brass-headed nails

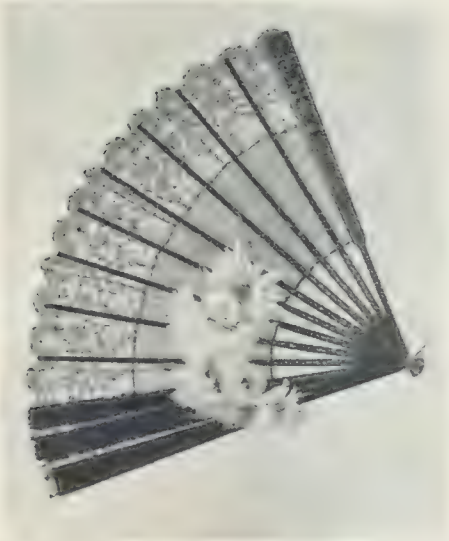
A cherry red wallpaper at the far end shortens a long, narrow hall

Corsage for a Rendezvous

Tonight is an important date and warrants an important gown. The florist would weave her a corsage but she prefers her own deft fingers to compose a harmony of flower colours that will enhance the dress like jewels in a good setting

By D. R. BEBB, F.R.H.S.

. . . so choose your flowers with care and wear them like well set jewels



FLOWERS worn, like jewels, should put an accent upon elegance. They can transform the "little" dress, and bring the party gown right into the Model bracket. There is nothing mysterious in the making of corsages, sprays and flower jewellery . . . following the instructions and with a little practice, you can make your own.

Do not attempt anything too elaborate at first, leave that to the trained eyes and hands of the florist, but rather try to capture the elusive beauty of the simple flowers, handling them as little as possible to retain their dewy look.

When you select a corsage for a special occasion don't choose just any flowers. Your personality, colouring, height, the gown and the occasion. All these things count. Are you tall? then you are lucky, and can wear all the big and important looking flowers on formal gowns; gladioli, iris, full-blown roses, large white daisies, magnolias . . . and "tailor-made" flowers like camellias and carnations for cocktail suits. Are you petite? then the smaller and daintier arrangements are for you; moss roses, lily-of-the-valley, ranunculas, small yellow marguerites, single pips of hyacinth and delphinium. Think also of the trail of ivy leaves, either well polished or gilded, which will give a ballerina dress the most exclusive look and in no way detract from the line. If the gown is a little fussy and complicated in cut try a small circle of flowers or ivy leaves to look enchanting in your hair.

It is wise to contrast the colour and texture of flowers and gown . . . For instance, lilies-of-the-valley are quite lost on a light lacy dress; a solid-textured flower looks far better; while on the rich textured satins, brocades and velvets, the more delicate flowers show to perfection. . . . outline a neck with flowers . . . a heartshaped corsage moulded to the curve of a topless bodice looks wonderful. Another happy thought is a complete strap of small flowers sewn to a matching ribbon.

When you pick your flowers catch them when possible in the "just-opening" stages, and keep them in water in a dark cool place until required. If you buy them, try to give the florist plenty of notice, and ask her advice on the keeping qualities of the flowers you prefer. Use very little foliage with the formal type of corsages, they are best without the inevitable fern, but roses and camellias need a leaf or two. So do gardenias.

Before assembling the corsage, the flowers and foliage must be prepared, by using one of the methods of hooking or piercing the calyx with florist's wire. Short lengths of wire are used to piece the calyx of each flower with the long end wound round the full length of the stem. When treated to this stiffening, the flowers and their stems are supported yet are flexible enough to bend into the shape required. To assemble a spray, use a staple of wire as a base on which the flowers are wired. This works like a central artificial stem with the advantage that it can be twisted to any shape.

If the stems of the flowers show, cover them with florist's tape or bias binding in a matching shade. A pair of stub scissors is a great help when cutting wires, and fine fuse wire excellent for piercing the calyx of the flowers.

If you plan to make a flat arrangement, such as a bracelet, or a shoulder strap, cut off the stem just under the bloom, and sew the flowers either on to a velvet band or chenille-covered wire (pipe cleaners are fine if you cannot obtain florists' wire).

Give yourself plenty of time to make your corsage, and when completed, put it away in a cool, dark place until you are ready to sally forth.

Top : Pink roses and their foliage. The small rose at the base overlaps with the next bloom. The leaves and stalks are bound together with chenille wire. Centre : Yellow ranunculas, yellow chrysanthemums and carnations on a black lace fan. A bracelet of rosebuds on a black velvet ribbon.

Loud is the

By DIANA WESTMORE

Illustrations by SAWYER

"WELL, that's that," said Nicola, stuffing a last garment into the suitcase, and snapping it rather viciously shut.

She straightened herself with a sigh, and brushed her hand wearily across her forehead. After a moment she wandered across the room to where Daphne was perched on a window seat.

"Mmm," said Daphne, without turning round. "Close, isn't it?"

Nicola nodded silently in reply, and looked out over her sister's head towards the beech-copse after which the farm was named. The trees were blue and gloomy now, very different from the way they had looked when she first looked out of the window on getting up this morning.

It had been one of those really hot mornings that come occasionally in the middle of an English spring, with the sun blazing down on an earth not yet prepared for such violence. But as the day wore on, the sun had turned bold yellow in a brazen sky, and the air had become menacingly still. And now, over on the horizon, sultry violet clouds were gathering and lying low, as if waiting for the time when they could venture forth and take over from the intruding sun.

Nicola sighed again, and the sound seemed to hang for a time on the windless air.

"Well," she said, trying to sound brisk about it, "I suppose I'd better start on these things now."

She passed her hand over her hot forehead again, and surveyed, without any briskness at all, the litter of drawings round the room.

Picking up a dispatch-case from a chair, she started to collect the notes and pencil-sketches that were scattered everywhere, and stuff them rather haphazardly into it.

"What a lovely case, darling," said Daphne casually from the window.

Nicola looked down at it, as though seeing it for the first time. It was an elegant thing, of black leather, with her initials in small black and silver letters in one corner.

"Present," she said briefly. "From Nigel."

"Ah," said Daphne, her face lighting up. "Tell me, dear, what's he like? Really, I mean. You know"—with a shrug—"I've read all about him—in the magazines, of course. 'Nigel Hartmayne, whose distinctive clothes are sought by all the elegant women'—all that sort of stuff. But what's he *like*—as a person?"

"Well," said Nicola. Then she hesitated, seeking for words. "One has to admire Nigel—everyone does. I'm very lucky to be working with him now, in fact. Clothes are a—a passion with him, not just a job. And he makes everyone about him feel the same way. He can be terribly demanding—or even ruthless, if you like to call it that. But it's only because he has his own standards of perfection, and he never accepts anything that doesn't come up to that standard. That's why some people call him inhuman, but they're wrong. Working with him can be nerve-racking, but it's absolutely fascinating nevertheless."

She paused again, and then shrugged her shoulders rather cynically.

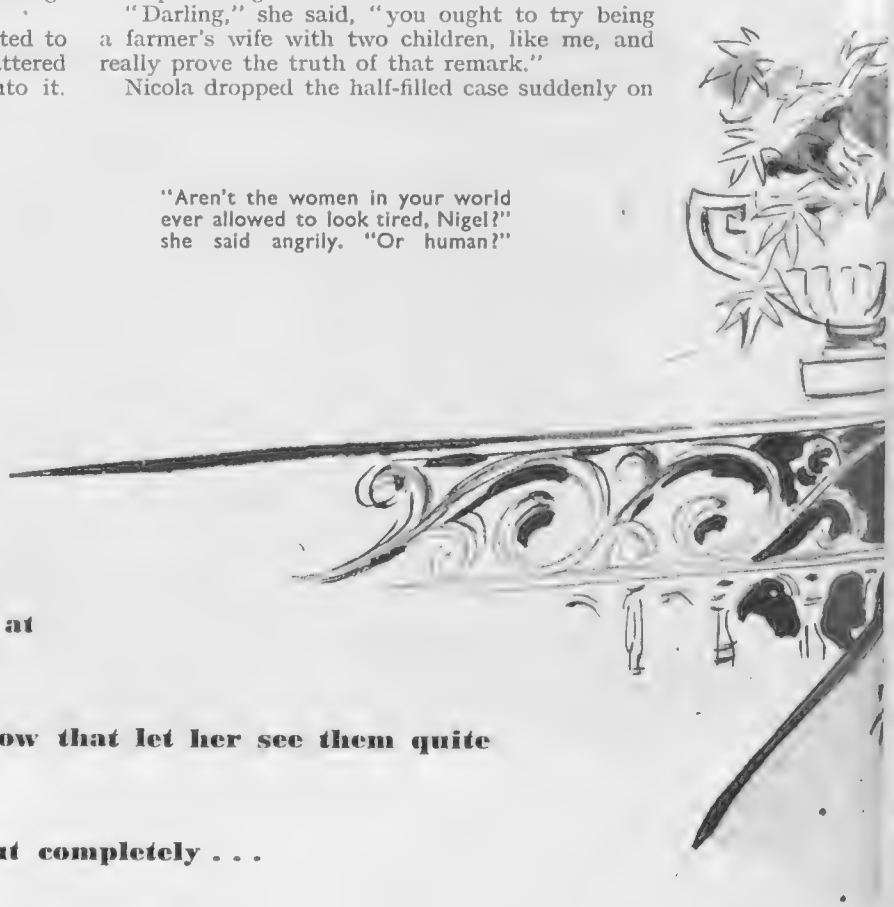
"Oh, it's just a job, like any other, I suppose. Sometimes fun, sometimes deadly, and most of the time just pure hard grind."

Daphne laughed.

"Darling," she said, "you ought to try being a farmer's wife with two children, like me, and really prove the truth of that remark."

Nicola dropped the half-filled case suddenly on

"Aren't the women in your world ever allowed to look tired, Nigel?" she said angrily. "Or human?"



It was as though she were looking at them all through a plate-glass window that let her see them quite clearly but nevertheless shut her out completely . . .

Rain

the bed.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Daphne," she burst out angrily. "Must you always make remarks like that? You and Simon and John, you seem to think that I'm a kind of—of gay social butterfly living in a Mayfair whirl—elegant, charming, but pretty far removed from the facts of life as known by you. As a matter of fact, I work extremely hard for my living, harder than most. And it hasn't always even been this easy, you know——"

Daphne flushed.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to hurt you. It was only a remark—not intended to mean anything at all, really. Rather a stupid attempt at humour, that's all. Forgive me."

NICOLA pushed the case aside and sat down tiredly on the bed.

"No, don't apologize, darling," she said, putting her hand to her forehead once more. "It's not you at all—it's me. This sultry heat has given me an awful headache, and it puts me all on edge. Sorry, darling."

Daphne turned her eyes back to the darkening window, and nodded understandingly.

"Yes," she said. "Simon said this morning that it would end in a storm."

Simon. At the mention of his name, Nicola felt another spasm of irritation flaring up inside her, of the kind that had just made her snap at Daphne. And for a moment she felt frightened, as though a part of her mind were moving beyond her, getting out of her control.

She felt that Daphne had sensed what was going on in her mind, and looked up quickly.

"Darling," began her sister gently, and then hesitated. "I know it's none of my business, really, but—well, wouldn't it be a good idea if you went and had a chat with your doctor sometime? These headaches of yours seem to be getting rather frequent, you know. Oh"—seeing the look on her sister's face—"I know. You feel perfectly well—you've just been working a little too hard lately. But—well, darling, we've noticed all of us, that you've changed a good deal lately. Getting more nervous, more tense, every time you come home. You seem to find it harder to relax among us each time. You've changed so much, Nick. . . ."

AT the sound of the pain in her voice, pain which she had tried to hide and couldn't, Nicola could sit still no longer. She stood up, and started to shove more drawings into the case.

"Darling," she said with a laugh. "You're exaggerating things. It's just this beastly weather. . . ."

But the laugh sounded brittle even in her own ears, and she threw the case down on the bed again, in sudden anger, and turned to face her sister.

"Oh, let's face it, Daphne. I *have* changed in the past three years. But what do you expect? When I left here, I was a—a child, and an unknown. I'd lived here all my life, I'd never known anything else, but even then I felt I didn't fit, that I had to get out into the world by myself and find out what it was like. And I did.

"I did the thing that so many girls want to do, but don't, because they lack the courage. I went out by myself and carved my own life. I made a success of it, and now that I'm working for Nigel, I'm going to be an even greater success. But how could I do that and stay the way I was? Impossible. I don't seem to fit in here any more, but that's not my fault, you know——"

She stopped as suddenly as she had begun, and the silence that followed seemed to be doubled by the heaviness of the air in the room. Until at last Daphne said quietly:

"Yes, darling. I understand."

Do you? thought Nicola bitterly, staring at the drawing in her hand, of an elegantly gowned woman against a background of distinguished old Georgian houses. And without lifting her head she went on, unable to stop herself——

"I don't think you do, somehow. I don't ask you to share my way of life—I don't ask you even to like it. I don't think I'd even mind it so much if you *did* dislike it—it's this—this understanding, as you call it, that I can't stand. You almost pity me, I think. I'm not an erring lamb that's strayed from the fold—I'm a grown woman, and I know my own mind——"

He looked up, and saw her in the doorway, her hair clinging dark and wet against her head

"Yes," said Daphne almost to herself. "Sometimes I almost feel as if you want us to dislike you——"

"Oh, such nonsense," burst out Nicola fretfully. "You know I don't. But sometimes you manage to make me feel as if I'd failed you, and I resent it. And Simon——"

She stopped, but Daphne would not let her.

"And Simon?" she prompted gently.

Nicola sighed impatiently.

"Oh, darling," she said. "You know there was never anything definite between me and Simon. I was too young. And now—now, well, we've changed—people *do* change as they grow up, you know——"

"Simon," interrupted Daphne, "has been grown up for a long time now."

"Well," said Nicola, "don't worry, dear. Simon and I had it all out in the garden this morning, and he knows."

AND again silence fell in the room. It was perceptibly darker now, but it was the gloom of the coming storm, not of the night. Through the open window the usual daily noises of the farm seemed muffled and remote, blanketed down by the cloying air. Dulled, thought Nicola tiredly, dulled like my mind.

She said at last, with a sort of weary impatience:

"Oh, it's silly to argue like this—we both know we'll never get anywhere——"

Daphne slipped down from her seat.

"Yes," she said. "It's about time I went to see about (*Continued on page* 66)

From *Common-Sense Cooking And Eating*

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART . . .

Kathleen le Riche: **Cooking Alone** (Faber, 8s. 6d.). How the Old Lady, Grass Widower, Career Woman, Bed-Sitter, etc., tackle it, with individual recipes.

Joan Robins: **Common-Sense Cooking And Eating** (Odhams, 7s. 6d.). Recipes planned for single persons and couples instead of families.

The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book (Michael Joseph, 21s.). Mainly French cooking without tears, but with domestic memories of Gertrude Stein, drawings by Sir Francis Rose, elegant format.

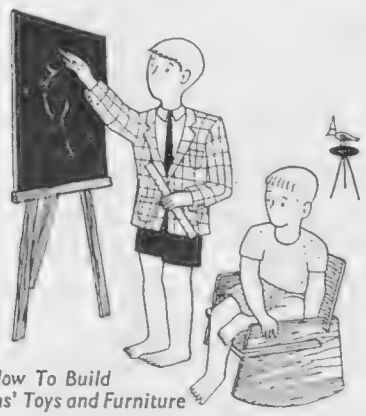
Tante Marie's **French Cakes & Pastries** (Kaye, 10s. 6d.). Famous French classic, with recipes adapted to ingredients available here.

Louis Diat: **Sauces, French And Famous** (Hammond, 10s. 6d.). By celebrated chef of Ritz-Carlton, New York, with time-saving substitutes.

Ida Bailey Allen's **Step-by-Step Picture Cook Book** (Dakers, 21s.). U.S. expert's recipes, lavishly illustrated, plus marketing guide, calorie charts, table settings, in handsome quarto.

Sir Harry Luke: **The Tenth Muse** (Putnam, 25s.). Eating, drinking, as an art by a connoisseur, with gourmet recipes, some exotic.

Corey Ford: **Never Say Diet** (W. H. Allen, 6s.). How to live older, look younger, with funny (but helpful) text, R. Taylor's funnier drawings.



From *How To Build Childrens' Toys and Furniture*

ACCENT ON HOME . . .

Eric Ambrose: **Know Your House** (Thames & Hudson, 15s.). Everything about choosing, buying, maintaining, cherishing it by an architect, with Sheila Rusby's quaint drawings.

Norman Cherner: **How To Build Children's Toys And Furniture** (Lockwood, 15s.). Plus 200 ideas, with plans, diagrams, drawings.

Marian Corey: **McCall's Complete Book Of Dressmaking** (Macdonald, 21s.). Making things for the whole family by easy picture steps.

Carola Cochrane: **Two Acres Unlimited** (Lockwood, 10s. 6d.). How, as a beginner, she made a small market garden pay.

John Pudney: **The Smallest Room** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Privy lore through the ages, written with charm, discretion, pictured by David Knight.

In a mood of happy retrospect is W. Macqueen-Pope's *Back Numbers*. Here is one of the illustrations of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson

TALKING OF BOOKS

By TREVOR ALLEN

WHAT a time this is for memoirs and biography! As good, I would say, as any in literary history. Daphne Fielding, daughter of the fourth Lord Vivian and formerly Marchioness of Bath, writes of family and friends with such lively candour that she hasn't to worry about literary style. She opens **"Mercury Presides"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.) by saying: "I have been told by people who knew my father and mother when they were first married that their quarrels were so violent that, after exhausting every throwable object in the room, they would use the baby as a missile. I was the baby." Her disclosures about grannies, aunts, nurses, socialite V.I.P.s, are as amusingly wilful. One nurse was sacked for putting her brother to sleep with a rubber tube connected to a gas fire! There is much about Longleat, now a half-crown showspot, and altogether this book cannot be beaten for those who like frank society gossip.

Lady de la Bère, too, can be frank about Sir Rupert's year of office in **"Reminiscences Of A Lady Mayoress"** (Hutchinson, 15s.). It is "like being in a pantomime." At the Guildhall banquet, "I nearly fell asleep with the smoke and heat . . . I go off, forgetting my bouquet." Mrs. Churchill forgets hers, and the two get mixed up. At another Guildhall dinner her footman whispers hoarsely, "Don't eat the fish, my lady, it's bad," though she can find nothing wrong with it. We get the inside story of twenty-eight civic receptions, Royal functions, the Mansion House (draughty), and the general ceremonial. This should specially interest Americans, who love our civic pageantry, besides ourselves.

Nothing could be gentler, more sympathetic, or better written than Lady Cynthia Asquith's **"Portrait Of Barrie"** (Barrie, 15s.). As his secretary for twenty years she was (*Continued on page* 69)

Beginning a home-and-garden diary by Mrs. Roy Hay wife of the well-known horticulturist and radio gardener

Elizabeth and her

WE first saw our farmhouse one cold, bright March day. It came suddenly upon us as we drove along, where the road took a wide sweep round. With surprise and delight, we saw the low dry stone wall where vivid clumps of aubrietia were in full flower. And there on the north of a beautifully sheltered forecourt stood the house, with stone walls and farm buildings clustering about it to the east and west. We knew it at once as our house.

We simply had to look for another house. We are five now, with the two children and mother and we were bursting out of our cotttage. We knew the sort of house we needed and we fancied this corner of Surrey; it has good trains to London for Roy and good schools.

Most of all we wanted a garden with possibilities and a good framework. No clay soil again for us—in spite of the magnificent roses we had managed to grow on it in the past. In the end, nearing despair, we had found what we wanted.

There it was—and had been—for three hundred and fifty years; friendly and comfortable, with thick walls, mellowed beams and huge inglenook fireplaces. It started life according to the Domesday records as a manor house. It stood in the valley then, but when it threatened to slip into the mere it was rebuilt on higher land. This was at the end of the first Elizabeth's reign.

So, we have a light, well-drained soil which is bliss to work after the heavy clay we had been handling. Our Elizabethan predecessor had to bore a hundred and fifty feet for water; indeed our present kitchen was the old well-house and the original shaft is still there deep down under the modern stove. We often thought of that fine, inaccessible water supply when the water was being laid on to the garden last summer!

Perhaps the problem of digging for water accounts for ours being almost the only old house on this high land. The charming old villages of Eashing and Compton in the valleys on either side of us have a much handier water supply.

Mellowed and friendly—Hurtmore Farm House (top). Inset: the author with Susan and Alison; left, the vista from the house . . . "we have dreams of a wrought-iron gate here one day"

By

ELIZABETH HAY

Centre of today's country house—the kitchen. Cupboards and work tops were made by Roy Hay himself

Surrey Garden

In the old days, there was, of course, much more land with the house but it has long since been split up and the total area of our site is two and a half acres, just as much as we want to manage.

I enjoy my house and making it as comfortable and attractive as I can but, I confess the garden is my firstlove. I call myself an amateur—or Roy does—because I garden for love and on the whole leave the scientific side of it to him. In return, he leaves a good deal of the management to me.

It works out well, because I am there all the time and Roy is not, so with the help of one gardener I hope and Roy does the overseeing and helps with the practical side at weekends.

TWO and a half acres is a sizeable piece to handle with a largish house and two children. Susan, who is six is at morning school and Alison, now rising four, is still at home with me. There is Rusty, our dachshund and Toddy the cat both very prominent personalities in the family and Roy's mother who has her own little suite in a wing of the house.

But all goes fairly smoothly partly, I think, because I am an addict of labour saving tools. I have as many as we can afford in the house and in the garden, too. In fact, scientific tools in the garden alone make it possible for me to manage so much with the minimum of help and many other calls upon my time.

There are more and more tools for the garden on the market today, within reach of a wide income group, tools which any sensible, fairly practical woman can use—as she uses her domestic tools.

The garden is roughly divided into three parts. The plot behind the house is laid out with grass and flower beds and has a rock garden with a miniature waterfall which we have built ourselves. This section is enclosed by a ten-foot stone wall running from east to west on which we have peaches, a greengage and a fig tree.

There is an opening in the wall opposite the house with a *vista* beyond and we have dreams of a wrought iron gate here one day. (*Continued on page* 62)

A barn at one end of the rockery was converted by the former owner into a spare bedroom. Susan and Alison use it for a playroom

One side of the house and a sloping barn roof make a suntrap corner garden on the east side of us

a PARISIAN *who paints with* FUR

In a Paris showroom—Chevalier with sheepskin lips,

the Sacré Cœur in sealskin . . .

Depth of colour is found in length of pelt, relief effects by varying the direction of the hair. Ermine is used for the whites of eyes as in self-portrait of Jacques Laroche (left). Centre is the place de la Concorde

By MARIE SEGUR

IN the very centre of Paris, just off the Grands Boulevards is the small showroom of Jacques Laroche, the furrier. As a background to the furs, stoles and capes which he designs the walls are gay with pictures—landscapes, portraits and still life works. There might be nothing revolutionary in this, Paris abounds in painters, but this is not paint. The Laroche pictures are executed in fur.

Over the mantelpiece is a snow scene, the avenue of the Champs-Elysées sweeps up to the Arc de Triomphe. Beside it is the immense place de la Concorde with its obelisk and Chamber of Deputies; there are the gargoyles of Notre Dame and, further on and instantly recognizable, Maurice Chevalier radiating the Chevalier smile from a dark frame.

As a small boy Jack Laroche (he prefers the English version of his Christian name) found school drawing lessons tedious. But later, the urge to reproduce what he saw grew stronger and by the time he was eighteen he was sketching nudes. "One does at that age," says Laroche with a twinkle. But there was a living to earn and would-be artist became furrier. For no special reason he kept the small pieces of fur left over from his models and Madame Laroche sometimes pieced them together to make table mats, box covers and cushions.

In the meanwhile Jack painted, first in water colours, then in oils until one day Madame, who supervised the workroom, exclaimed *"tu m'ennuies avec tes petits bouts de fourrure"* (I'm sick of your little bits of fur). It was then that the idea dawned. Why not "paint" with them? *"Et voila!"* says Laroche, "I started." That was ten years ago. Since then his work in fur has become a veritable art.

His technique is fascinating. Starting a portrait, for instance, he makes an abstract sketch of the living model, notes the colouring of eyes, hair, skin and clothes. The basic drawing is made on thick paper, ruled in squares. This is placed over a canvas. When the drawing is completed, showing lights and shades and well defined outlines, he cuts tiny sections of fur with embroidery scissors. These are to serve as patterns for the many different kinds of fur that are to make up the picture. The tiny pieces are placed on the canvas and stuck down with ordinary adhesive paste. If there is the slightest error the fur is ripped off and readjusted before the paste dries. It is the most delicate handwork imaginable.

For landscapes Laroche prefers to paint the picture first in water colours or oils, reproducing it afterwards in fur, and how many different kinds of fur !

The picture of the rue du Chevalier de la Barre, the street leading up to the church of the Sacred Heart (on the right of this) is composed of pink and green sheepskin, red Persian lamb, horse, seal, grey astrakhan, guanace ermine, grey kid and numberless other furs. The Sacred Heart building is in sealskin, the sky in horse

(*Continued on page* 64)

Colour photograph by Adrion

Picture in a furrier's salon—the rue du Chevalier de la Barre in sheepskin, seal, astrakhan, ermine, calf and grey kid

Photograph by Deighton Wilkes

Circular mats from chintz with simple crochet edging and felt appliqué motifs on plain linen

a PLACE at TABLE

by URSULA BLOOM

I WAS particularly fortunate in designs for table mats last autumn, choosing those beautifully patterned permanently glazed chintzes, and printed linens. The amount required varies with the pattern arrangement, which for economy, should not be grouped too closely. I lined the linen ones, but some of the chintz had back-strapping of tape to afford room for a cork mat. The edging is in coloured crochet cotton, of the Sylko variety, size 8.

To cut the circles, I laid a cheese plate face down on the pieces I had selected, pencilled round, and then cut out; using a saucer for small mats. Then I turned the edge over, there is no need to do more, and machined round, crocheting later into the material itself.

The pale green flower pieces, at the upper and lower corners in the colour pictures, are worked with self shade in Solomon's Knot. The grey mats (one shown in the centre) in ordinary fish-net crochet with a treble edging, in self-coloured cotton. The Victorian carriage mats were edged with crochet in various colours to give a Harlequin effect, and consisted of double crochet into the material, loops and second double crochet to secure. In the next round scallops of trebles were arranged (1 d.c., 4 tr., 1 d.c. into each loop).

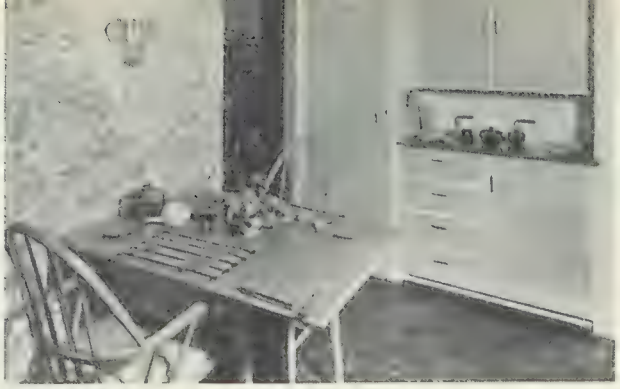
There is no end to choice of pattern, and the cost is small.

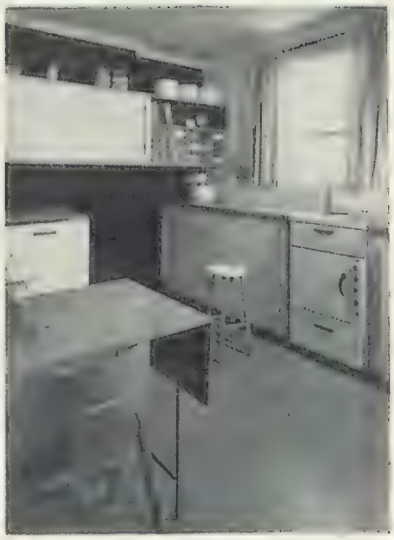
All kinds of furnishing materials are suitable for mats of this kind, but if you are using a patterned fabric select one in which the design lends itself to cutting circular shapes, leaving the design complete. The flowered chintz at the top left-hand corner of the colour picture was ideal. Each spray of flowers forms an individual motif. The same applies to the Victorian carriages. On this material each little picture is self-contained, as it were.

THE felt appliqué decorations were worked on a set of plain linen mats with hemstitched borders which I bought. Each design is very simple. None of them employ any complicated forms. The leaf shapes are given their character with veining put in with Clarke's Anchor Strand cotton in a lighter tone. But first the felt cut-out shape is attached to the background with neat hemming in self coloured Sylko. Note *hemming*, please, which I find more satisfactory than the more usual buttonholing. It lies flatter and makes a neater finish to my mind.

Each mat in the set has a different decoration. Two luscious oranges, with their simple leaves and flowers make one. Two others have vine leaves with their accompanying fruit; in the one case, green grapes and, in the other, purple. For the rest I chose cherries, strawberries and plums. Not one of these shapes present difficulties to the amateur. Try it and see!

Contemporary fabrics form an equally attractive basis for embroidered table mats. Here are some examples of Rosebank fabrics





Vivid colours and attractive detail pull any kitchen out of the clinical school. Left, a sectioned fitment, with a coloured lining to display china, camouflages a cooker switch panel. Above, table top and working surface in red Formica add colour to a simple arrangement; right : the work area focuses around a Creda cooker in a colour scheme of lime, white and grey

you

Eat

where

you

Cook

. . . and cook in a room attractive enough to dine in. The white clinical kitchens of the past are giving way to friendly, colourful, dual-purpose rooms

AS the new homes arise and converted flats and houses show off their re-built ingenuities, one growing trend is clearly apparent. You eat where you cook.

The new conceptions of kitchen-dinette, kitchen-dining-room, kitchen with eating bay are a triumphant argument against the wonderfully equipped, but coldly impersonal room which has come to be known as the clinical kitchen.

The working portion of the new dual-purpose rooms remains one hundred per cent functional as far as equipment and appliances are concerned; but since the whole family spend long daily periods in the room, it is also becoming more decorative.

For instance, colour is breaking out all over. Apart from coloured utensils, kitchen units have stopped being only white, or the conventional cream and green. They come in attractive pastels, or pastels with white; in sharp or deep colours, red with white, red with grey, grey with yellow.

Sometimes the colour is just a bright accent in the handles of units and drawers, or in lids; sometimes there are all white backgrounds, with colour showing in utensils and crockery.

A vibrant aliveness expresses the contemporary feeling in kitchen décor. There will be paintings on kitchen walls, or coloured prints, growing plants in graceful holders, a Venetian blind at the window; and wine bottles, decanters and pieces of china and pottery lined up on a shelf to make an attractive pattern against a wall.

THINK of a strategically placed shelf ranged with coloured spices in glass jars, or bottled fruits and jams, whose labels are not only testimony to their being home-made, but a personalized addition to the charm of the feature.

All the tools of the trade can aid the extension of this new vogue for dressing up the kitchen. Canisters, casseroles, saucepans and other utensils can be so arranged as to become part of a decorative design.

In every respect, time, work and fatigue are tremendously cut down in the modern kitchen, Storage cupboards and drawers, sink and kitchen units and working

With a colour scheme of warm red and grey-blue, this efficiently equipped kitchen keeps its comfortable family atmosphere

Even the smallest space can be utilized as a kitchen-eating room. White, blue-handled working and storage units, blue-spotted white curtains and Venetian blinds create the sparkling little kitchen above. The partitions dividing kitchen from dining-room in the photograph, right, form a china cupboard, the serving counter a breakfast bar. Below, an inexpensive conversion of an old kitchen, using adjustable shelving units fixed to the wall with metal plates and a linoleum-top white-painted storage unit

surfaces are so positioned in relation to each other that all necessary to-and-fro-ing is minimized.

All this, with good, well placed lighting, an extractor fan to deal with fumes or smells, an adjustable stool for sitting while preparing meals, doing the ironing and washing-up, plus the tonic effect of attractive surroundings, helps to turn kitchen chores into a pleasure.

The eating section of the double purpose room can be just a pretty little bay or counter; in many newer kitchens it is a more clearly defined bay. Sometimes, as you will see from these pictures, it is frankly a part of the kitchen; or it can be two rooms definitely separated, with one half constituting the kitchen and the other half the dining-room.

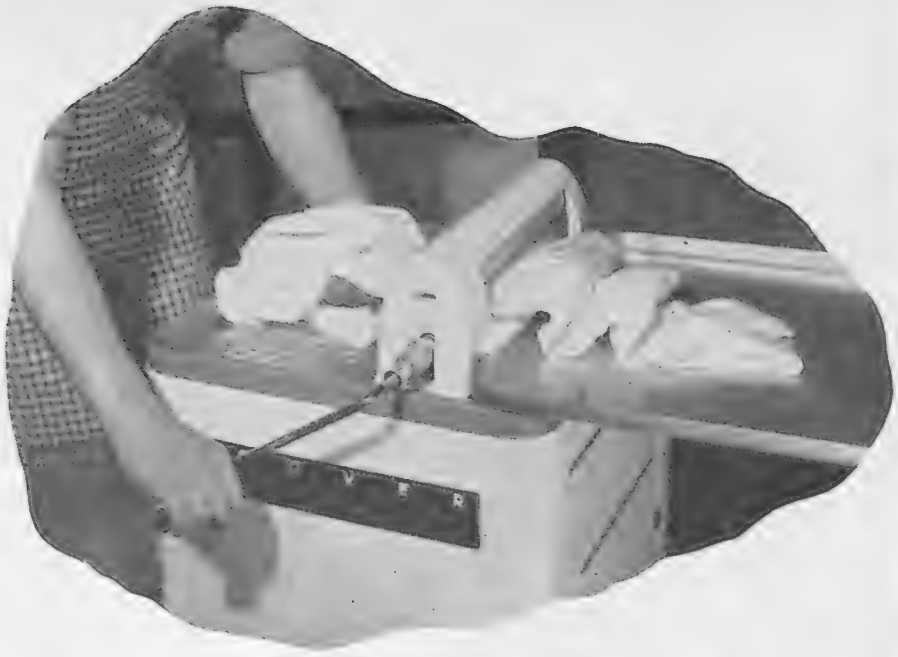
Smaller forms of segregation are easily manoeuvred, if it is remembered that any diversion makes an immediate division. Different forms of lighting, a break in the floor covering, a wallpaper in the eating section contrasting with painted walls in the kitchen area, provide the necessary change, and give the basis for a meals corner.

The most straightforward division is a waist-high partition projecting at right angles into the room. If this is fairly solid, it also gives a useful shelf for the display of bowls of fruit, flowers, the coffee percolator, day to day table accessories. And it offers the wonderful convenience of passing food straight from cooker to table.

The division can be made more emphatic, and the décor enhanced in a number of ways by building up the screen almost to ceiling level with, say, a framework of open shelves to take bottles, china, glass, growing plants; or tall bamboo poles with plants growing up them; or, more simply, a Venetian blind with coloured webbing.

MANY dining bays are composed of a banquette built in flush with the partition, and upholstered to match chair covers on the facing side of a table. It is particularly pleasant if this faces a second window—for ideally, a kitchen window should be over the sink. This allows for different curtaining and gives additional emphasis to the break-up of the room.

An agreeable colour plan for such a room might be a pink and white striped wallpaper in the kitchen area, turquoise kitchen units, with ruffled net curtains over the sink, pink or turquoise tiebacks, and yellow, white-spotted side curtains. In the eating area, the banquette chair covers and pelmet for the second window could be in floral everglaze or cubaleen, with plain everglaze curtains picking out one of the colours in the floral design, red or mulberry perhaps. A royal blue wallpaper with a small star or *fleur-de-lis* pattern between partition and window, would pull the whole thing together, (*Continued on page* 65)



WASH *without* WORK

Look after the washing machine,

and the wash will look after itself

THE secret of using a washing machine to its maximum efficiency is to *know the machine*. Studying the instructions on the instruction card is an obvious preliminary, after that, it is a matter of modifying your personal methods accordingly, bearing these principles in mind.

Washing conditions vary considerably according to the hardness of the water, but hard water can be softened with the addition of a water softening powder with subsequent improvement of the wash.

Sort the wash methodically first of all and do this at a table standing up to avoid unnecessary backache. The washing sequence will be first whites (which require the hottest water); then coloureds; then silks and rayons. Wash woollens quickly in lukewarm water. One minute is ample for a full load, half a load will need only half a minute, which is just in and out again.

Feed the articles over the side of the washing machine smoothly to avoid air bubbles. Switch on, and if the clothes do not revolve well, remove one or two items until there is a steady flow. Put the clothes through the wringer to get rid of the suds before rinsing. Feed blankets, and other large items, into the wringer by a corner.

Boiling is not necessary with a good washing machine, except for obstinate stains such as nicotine on handkerchiefs or grease on tea-cloths needing an excessively high temperature for removal. Deal with stains before washing, as plunging a garment into very hot water is quite likely to "set" the stain so that it is practically impossible to remove.

When washing curtains, remember that strong sunlight and dampness may have caused deterioration of the fabric, and if so, they must be washed only in lukewarm water for no more than one minute. When wringing, the weight of the curtains should be supported. Before washing loose chair covers, remove all the loose dirt with a brush, or better still a vacuum cleaner.

Washing conditions vary according to the hardness of the water and the type of fabric to be washed, but a washing machine will adapt itself to any particular washing method

Seventh in our series of the famous novels of the past is Emily Brontë's great work of passion and terror

TWO people dominate the story of fierce unearthly passion that is *Wuthering Heights*. They are Heathcliff, the man with no other name, who brings ruin and despair to two families in a torrent of hate and vengeance; and Cathy, who marries one man and is eternally another's, Cathy who says: "Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same . . . I *am* Heathcliff!"

Heathcliff is the doomed child, creature unredeemed and unredeemable, even his love for Cathy a thing he can no more help than he can help living. And Cathy herself, though death comes to her half-way through the book, lives on in the mind. She is fiercely, passionately present to the last lines when Lockwood stands by the graves of Heathcliff, Cathy and her husband, listening "to the soft wind breathing through the grass and wondering how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

The book is haunted by Cathy's presence, that passionate presence that pushes the other characters almost into a twilight background. Yet on their own these others in the book, Ellen Dean, Cathy's daughter Catherine and nephew Hareton, the shadowy Isabella and the degenerate Linton, all stand out in clarity and perception.

How Emily Brontë came to write *Wuthering Heights* has always been a perplexing problem—the clergyman's daughter and sister of Charlotte and Anne kept the genius that blazoned forth in this book almost to her death. For *Wuthering Heights* was published in the year she died, 1848, when she was only thirty herself.

EMILY BRONTË was a mystic, who put into her single work of fiction the crystallized genius she showed in flashes in her earlier poems. As with other great works so with *Wuthering Heights* attempts have been made to show that Emily Brontë could never have written it, that Charlotte or her brother Branwell were really the authors. That is only to be expected. Other and greater writers have suffered the same unbelief.

As her sister Charlotte wrote: "In Emily's nature the extremes of vigour and simplicity seemed to meet. Under an unsophisticated culture, inartificial tastes, and an unpretending outside, lay a secret power and fire that might have informed the brain and kindled the veins of a hero."

Wuthering Heights is one of those novels that never lose their power and glamour. The brooding terror of the Heights is always shockingly fresh, the story lives anew each time so that at the end, despite the incredible march of events, the fantastic things said, one feels again—all this *must* have actually happened.

Wuthering Heights

Illustrations by MIDDLEHURST

IT was a winter's day in the year 1801.

Mr. Lockwood, newly arrived to take over the tenancy of Thrushcross Grange, in a lonely part of Yorkshire, was visiting his landlord at the neighbouring Wuthering Heights, a house set high and exposed, " its narrow windows deeply set in the wall, the corners defended with large, jutting stones."

Lockwood paused at the threshold to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and " among a wilderness of crumbling griffons and shameless little boys, I detected the date '1500' and the name 'Hareton Earnshaw.' "

It was his introduction to a story of terror and glamour, the story of the Linton and Earnshaw families and the lonely, terrible figure of Heathcliff, owner of Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange : " a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman."

Lockwood found the master of Wuthering Heights a taciturn, unfriendly man whose household appeared scarcely less friendly : on the one hand was a girl with " the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding," but eyes that showed something between scorn and desperation ; on the other, a young man whose " dress and speech were both rude," but whose bearing was " free, almost haughty."

Before nightfall Lockwood was to regret his visit altogether, when snow began to drive thickly and his host seemed to care little if he was lost in a snowdrift, so unwilling was he to harbour Lockwood for the night. Only when Lockwood at last, in desperation, decided to try to seek his road home and was attacked by the household dogs, did Heathcliff grudgingly find him a room for the night.

" The ledge where I placed my candle had mildewed books piled up in one corner ; and it was covered with writing, scratched on the paint "—writing that was nothing but a name repeated, large and small—*Catherine Earnshaw*, here and there varied to *Catherine Heathcliff*, and then again to *Catherine Linton*. And there he found a book which proved to be an old diary kept by this Catherine Earnshaw, with faded entries telling of past childhood sorrows and the indignities inflicted on her and the boy Heathcliff by a tyrannical elder brother, Hindley.

When at last he slept, it seemed that the air swarmed with Catherines, until suddenly he seemed to hear a melancholy voice beyond the window sobbing, " Let me in ! Let me in ! " and a feeble scratching began on the window-pane. In nightmare terror, Lockwood awoke to find himself screaming aloud, in a frenzy of fright, a noise that brought the master of the house.

" Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers, with a candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him." And when Lockwood told him what he had been dreaming, the man " got on the bed and wrenched open the lattice, bursting into an uncontrollable passion of tears. ' Come in ! Come in ! ' he sobbed. ' Cathy, do come ! Oh, my heart's darling ! Hear me *this* time, Catherine, at last ! ' But only the snow and wind whirled wildly through, even reaching my station and blowing out the light . . . "

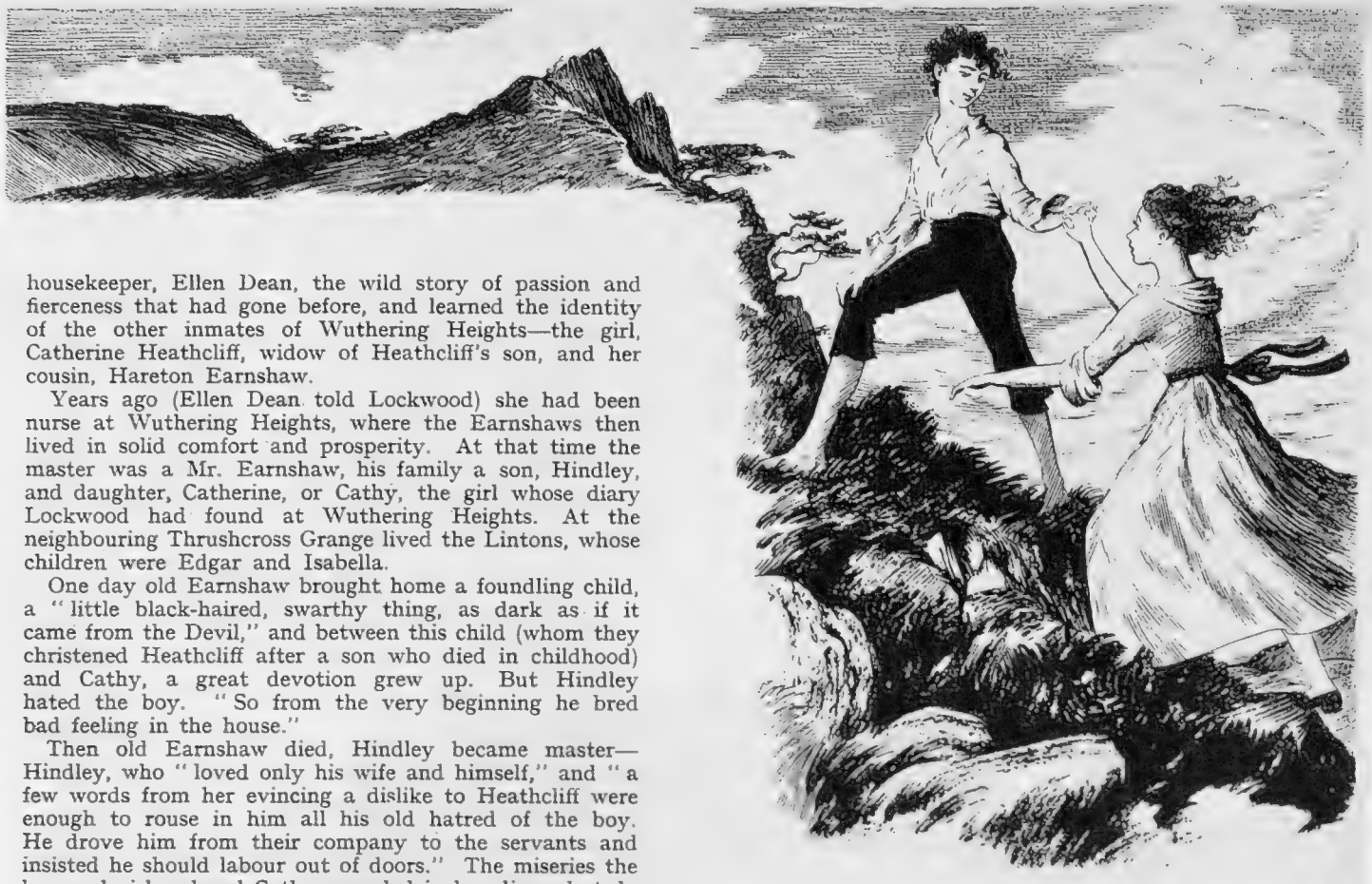
Back at Thrushcross Grange, Lockwood heard from his

housekeeper, Ellen Dean, the wild story of passion and fierceness that had gone before, and learned the identity of the other inmates of Wuthering Heights—the girl, Catherine Heathcliff, widow of Heathcliff's son, and her cousin, Hareton Earnshaw.

Years ago (Ellen Dean told Lockwood) she had been nurse at Wuthering Heights, where the Earnshaws then lived in solid comfort and prosperity. At that time the master was a Mr. Earnshaw, his family a son, Hindley, and daughter, Catherine, or Cathy, the girl whose diary Lockwood had found at Wuthering Heights. At the neighbouring Thrushcross Grange lived the Lintons, whose children were Edgar and Isabella.

One day old Earnshaw brought home a foundling child, a "little black-haired, swarthy thing, as dark as if it came from the Devil," and between this child (whom they christened Heathcliff after a son who died in childhood) and Cathy, a great devotion grew up. But Hindley hated the boy. "So from the very beginning he bred bad feeling in the house."

Then old Earnshaw died, Hindley became master—Hindley, who "loved only his wife and himself," and "a few words from her evincing a dislike to Heathcliff were enough to rouse in him all his old hatred of the boy. He drove him from their company to the servants and insisted he should labour out of doors." The miseries the boy and girl endured Cathy recorded in her diary, but do what Hindley could, Catherine and Heathcliff "forgot everything the minute they were together again."



"They forgot everything the minute they were together again"

On one occasion Cathy and Heathcliff ventured as far as Thrushcross Grange, to peep through the windows at the happy life of the two children there. Cathy was caught by one of the watch-dogs, recognised by the servants and carried indoors. Heathcliff was sent off.

The girl, her foot badly hurt, stayed six weeks at Thrushcross Grange and, under the influence of the gentle Linton household, changed from a near-gipsy to a "very dignified person, with brown ringlets falling from the cover of a feathered beaver . . ." But her first questions on her return were about Heathcliff, and the boy was suddenly ashamed and angry of his own filthy appearance beside her. But though he tried to improve himself, Hindley's sneers and anger drove the decent impulses underground.

Then Edgar Linton began to visit Wuthering Heights to see Cathy, and to Hindley's hatred and Cathy's lady-like airs was added the bitter iron of jealousy . . .

"Come in! Come in!" he sobbed, wrenching open the lattice

EVEN so, Cathy and Heathcliff were happy together on occasion until the day when Hindley's wife died giving birth to a boy, Hareton. And then Hindley went completely to pieces and life became unbearable for Heathcliff.

Edgar Linton, meanwhile, had asked Cathy to marry him and the girl, torn between desire to live the life of luxury at Thrushcross Grange and her affinity with Heathcliff, confided in Ellen Dean: "I 've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven, and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now, so he shall never know how I love him."

While Cathy was speaking, Ellen became aware that Heathcliff was in the room. He had been asleep behind a bench and wakened to hear Cathy speaking. "He had listened till he heard Catherine say it would degrade her to marry him, and then stayed to hear no more." So the words in which Cathy confessed her love for him went unheard, as did the passionate avowal that followed:

"My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath. Nelly, I *am* Heathcliff. He 's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, but as my own being . . ."

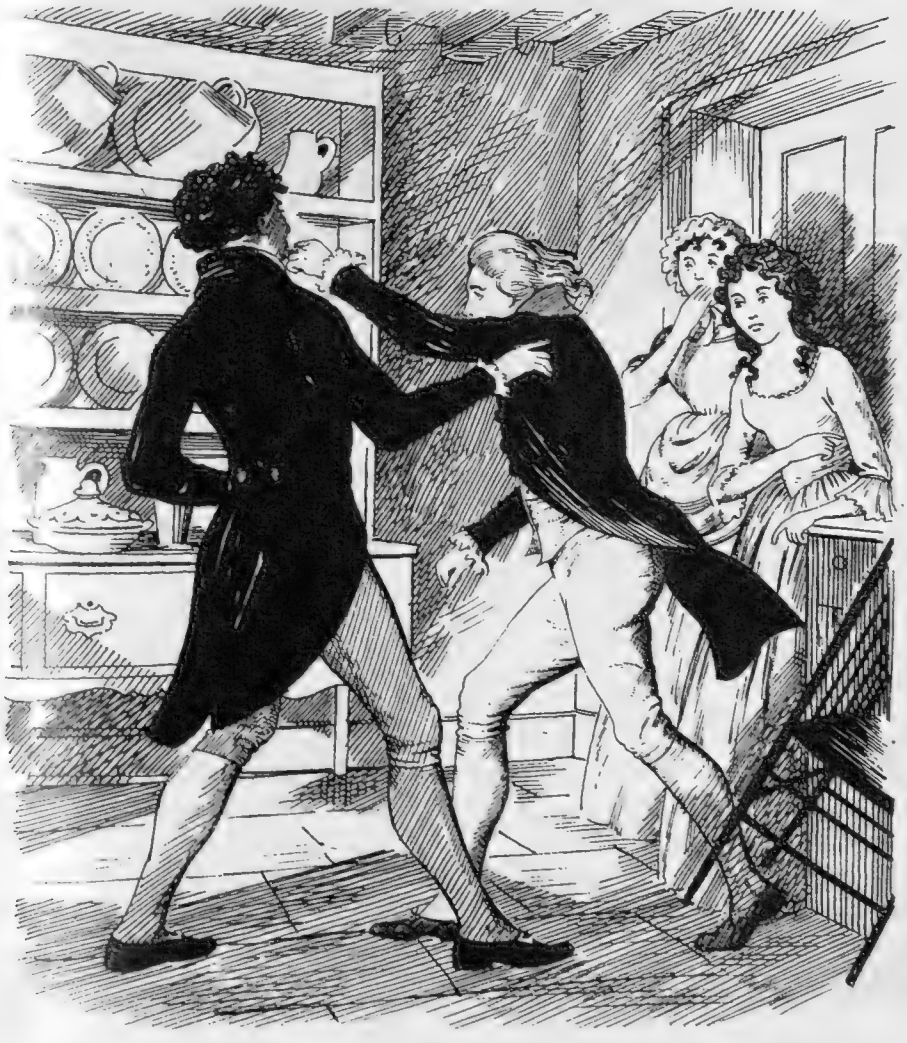
It was too late. Heathcliff was gone, and later, when a storm burst over the Heights, they found he had vanished from the house; and Cathy, out in the rain searching for the missing Heathcliff, was taken ill. The Lintons nursed her well and the fever passed, but Edgar's parents caught it and died. Heathcliff was seen no more and after three years Cathy married Edgar Linton.

For a while they lived happily enough—until one day Heathcliff returned as he had gone—in the night; and stayed at Wuthering Heights, where Hindley was drinking himself to death. Nor did Heathcliff see in Edgar Linton any obstacle to his meeting Cathy again. On one occasion Edgar, goaded by Heathcliff's remarks—"I wish you joy of the milk-blooded coward, Cathy!"—struck out at him and finally had the servants drive him from the house. Seeing again the man she loved, Cathy found her conscience upbraiding her for her disloyalty to her husband. In the mental conflict that followed, she fell ill and cried incessantly.

ONE night, "sliding from bed before I could hinder her, she threw back the window and bent out, careless of the frosty air that cut about her shoulders as keen as a knife." Looking across at the distant windows of Wuthering Heights, she cried out her love in delirium . . . "they may bury me twelve feet deep and throw the church down over me, but I won't rest till you are with me!"

Meanwhile it was plain that beside his unearthly passion for Cathy, Heathcliff had returned with other aims in view. The families who had broken his life and kept him apart from Cathy were to suffer. While Hindley drank and gambled at Wuthering Heights, Heathcliff quietly encouraged him,

She bent out, careless of the frosty air that cut about her shoulders as keen as a knife



Edgar Linton, maddened by Heathcliff's contemptuous remarks, struck out

until the Earnshaw money and lands began to pass into Heathcliff's pocket.

And at Thrushcross Grange, Heathcliff, aware that the Linton money passed to Isabella as heir and not to her brother Linton, paid cynical court to the girl, whose infatuation he easily roused. While Cathy was ill the two eloped.

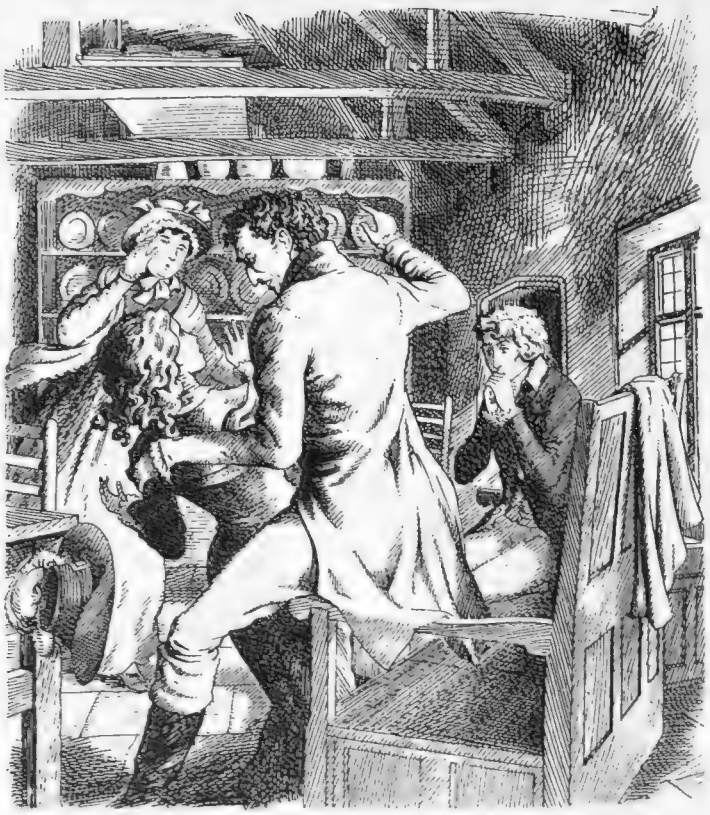
Now Cathy slowly appeared to recover from her illness, and Isabella, her eyes opened to the nature of the marriage she had so foolishly entered into, fled to the south, where a child, Linton, was born.

Heathcliff himself returned to Wuthering Heights and one day came again to see Cathy at Thrushcross Grange. There, Cathy, suddenly fey, realised that she was dying and that nothing else mattered now but her love for Heathcliff.

"In her eagerness she rose and supported herself on the arm of the chair. . . . An instant they held asunder, and then they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released alive . . ." But Edgar was heard approaching the room and Heathcliff left, to wait in the garden. "About 12 o'clock was born the Catherine you saw at Wuthering Heights, and two hours after the mother died."

To Heathcliff, "his hair soaked with dew," Ellen brought the news, but before she could speak: "She's dead," he said. "Put your handkerchief away—don't snivel before me. Damn you all! She wants none of *your* tears!"

And then, when Ellen tried to tell him Cathy died peacefully, "May she wake in



He administered a shower of terrific slaps on the side of her head

torment!" he cried with frightful vehemence. "I pray one prayer—Catherine Earnshaw, may you not rest as long as I am living! . . . Haunt me, then! I *cannot* live without my life!"

Cathy was dead—the evil wrought by that passionate affinity with Heathcliff lived on to bring shame and misery to Lintons and Earnshaws alike . . .

Isabella and her child stayed on in the south, Heathcliff, making no attempt to molest them, saying simply of the child, "I 'll have it, when I want it." While, at Wuthering Heights, Heathcliff himself, having won money and substance from a drunken, nearly insane Hindley, was now master, and delighted in rearing the unfortunate Hareton, Hindley's son, in degrading, brutish surroundings so that the boy was illiterate and uncouth beyond measure. Hindley died shortly after and Heathcliff revealed that everything was mortgaged to him.

So his vengeance on the Earnshaw family worked itself out. Then, thirteen years after Cathy's death, Isabella died too, and her child Linton, a weakly youth, brought up to Yorkshire by Edgar Linton, was promptly claimed by its father, Heathcliff, and taken to Wuthering Heights.

At Thrushcross Grange, the thirteen years had passed peaceably enough, with Edgar never quite recovering from his wife's death, but a fond, devoted parent to the young Catherine. She, Edgar tried to keep within the boundaries of the Grange Park and at all costs from meeting the dreaded Heathcliff.

But Catherine, having in her something of her mother's wild nature, found ways of venturing beyond the park confines, and one day wandered into Wuthering Heights, there to meet the boy Hareton who, unknown to her, was her own cousin.

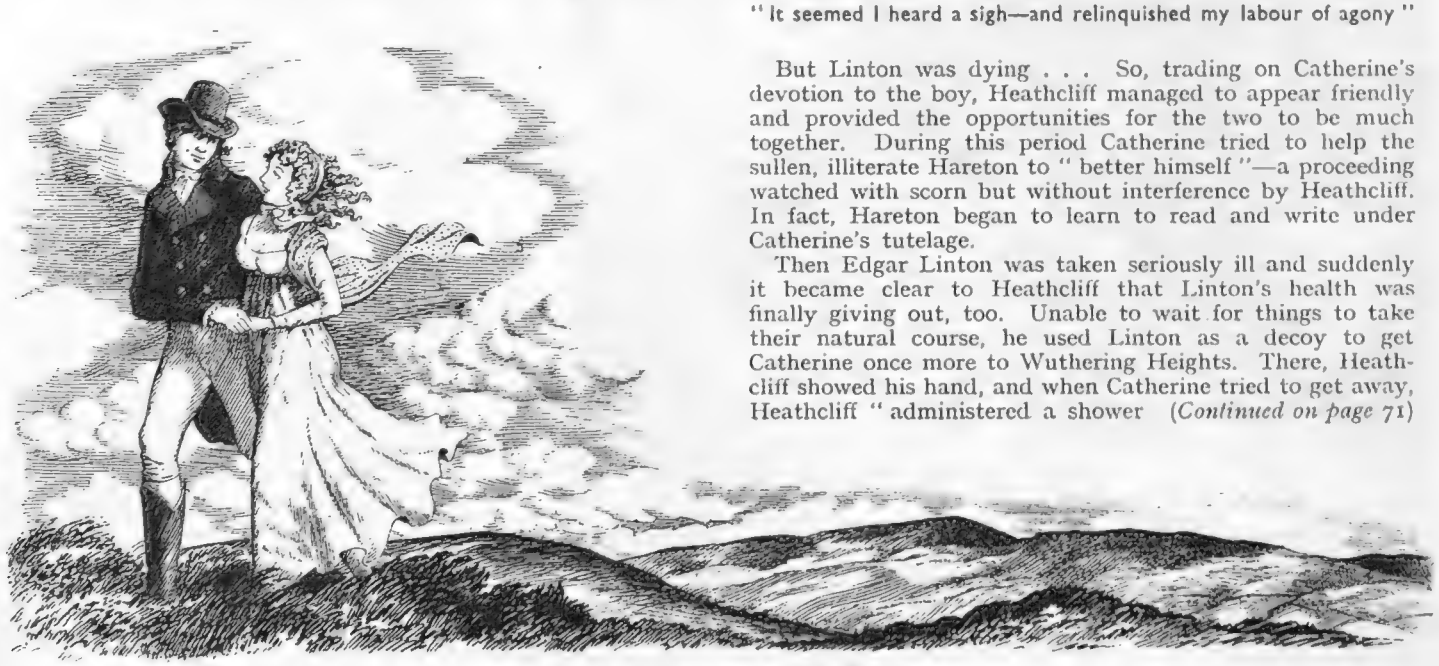
After Linton's arrival and claiming by his father, his health gradually deteriorated, but it was not for some years that Catherine saw him again. Then, pitying his weakness, she managed to see him again and again, despite her father's objections.

Heathcliff's son Linton was heir to the Linton estates through his mother, Isabella. It was Heathcliff's plan to secure the personal property as well as the estates to himself by marrying Linton to Catherine so that whatever happened to Linton he could keep control.

"It seemed I heard a sigh—and relinquished my labour of agony"

But Linton was dying . . . So, trading on Catherine's devotion to the boy, Heathcliff managed to appear friendly and provided the opportunities for the two to be much together. During this period Catherine tried to help the sullen, illiterate Hareton to "better himself"—a proceeding watched with scorn but without interference by Heathcliff. In fact, Hareton began to learn to read and write under Catherine's tutelage.

Then Edgar Linton was taken seriously ill and suddenly it became clear to Heathcliff that Linton's health was finally giving out, too. Unable to wait for things to take their natural course, he used Linton as a decoy to get Catherine once more to Wuthering Heights. There, Heathcliff showed his hand, and when Catherine tried to get away, Heathcliff "administered a shower (*Continued on page 71*)



"Catherine and Hareton were to be happy together at last"

The P. & O. S.S. *Arcadia* will be sailing this summer on a twenty-day Mediterranean cruise, making the beautiful city of Venice a port of call

All the fun of voyaging, without the fuss . . . luxury hotel surroundings . . . strawberries in February . . . a cruising holiday offers you all this, plus . . .

Idling in the SUN

By ANN YORK

CRUISING holidays are so popular that it is good to know the merchant navies of the world are now able to offer a wider choice of sea voyages than ever before. By living in a ship when it is tied up in a foreign port—using it, in fact, as an hotel—a holiday at sea is relatively inexpensive, though, of course, if you sail in a luxury liner in the luxury class, you can make it cost a lot.

On the other hand, if you are prepared to share a cabin with one other person, the cost is considerably lower. For my own part, I have found that the appointments and space afforded by a double cabin are not infrequently preferable to a single one. It is a matter of opinion.

There is an " off season " for almost all types of cruises, when fares are reduced, and many people prefer to travel at this time when there are fewer passengers and conditions all round are sometimes even pleasanter than in the summer.

To many people, cruising means the P. & O. And indeed when those beloved ships, the *Himalaya* and the *Chusan* announced their first cruises after their refit and release from the Royal Navy five years ago, there was practically a siege in Cockspur Street. There were only two cruises, and everyone, it seemed, was determined to go! But things have changed, and this year the *Arcadia*, *Iberia* and *Chusan* are scheduled for eighteen cruises, varying from nine to thirteen or twenty-one days.

To the *Iberia*, a new ship of 30,000 tons, goes the honour of the first cruise. She leaves the Port of London on June 10, on a twenty-day voyage which (*Continued on page 70*)

TO EVERY READER OF

BRITANNIA AND EVE

Raymond, leading hair stylist and TV personality, has offered a personal hair style. To obtain a style guide, specially sketched for you by Raymond, see details on the page opposite

This month Chrysis hands over to Raymond, who tells you . . . . . .

HOW I WOULD STYLE

I WANT you to imagine that you have come to my salon to consult me about a hair style. You don't know what style would suit you best so you have made a special appointment for me to sketch one for you. This will give you a chance to take the sketch home to study at leisure, then if you approve of it, you can come back to the salon later for it to be done. Many of my clients consider this extra expense well worth while when they are in two minds about changing their hair style.

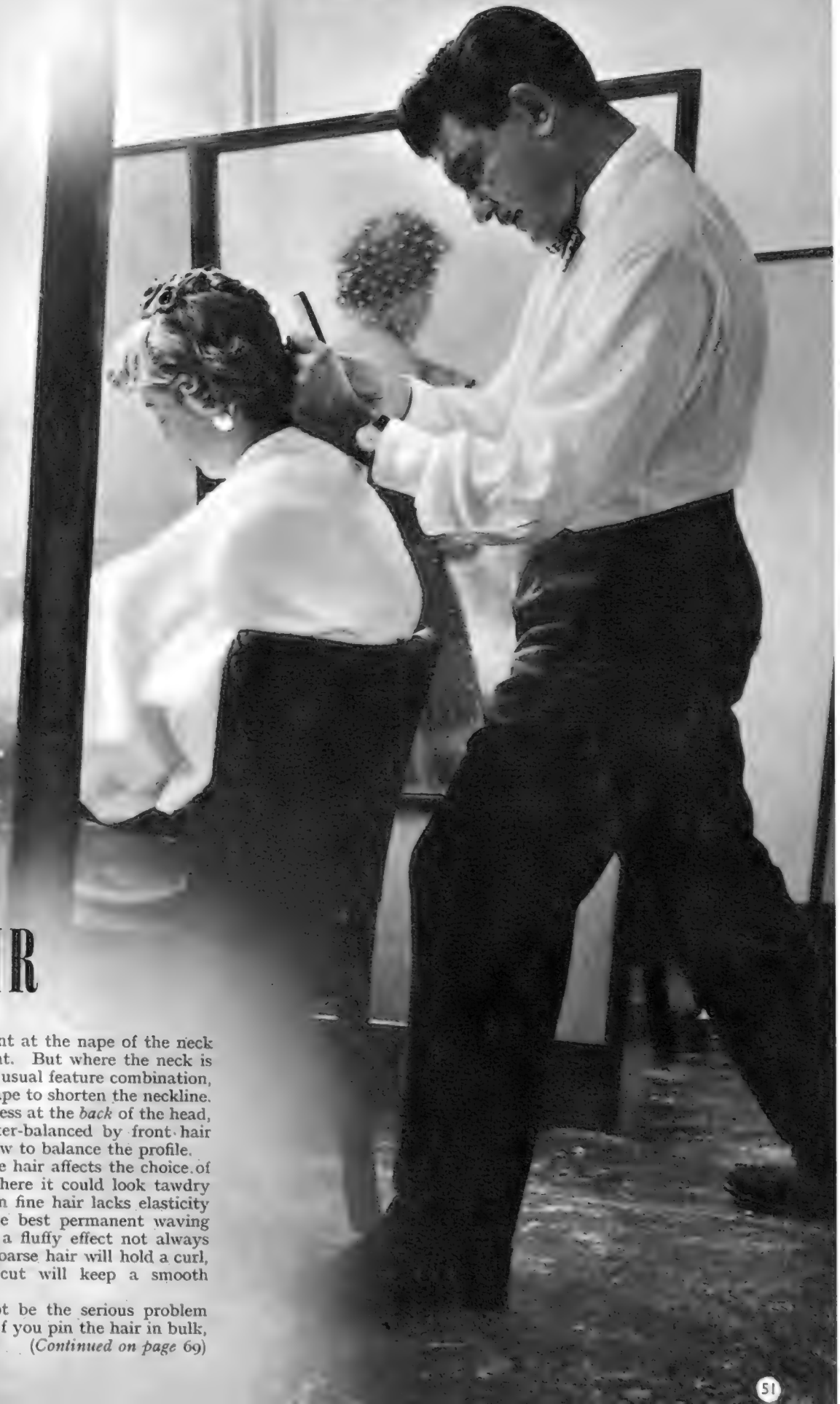
What happens at the consultation is this. First I study the face, taking note of characteristic features, then, bearing in mind the overall silhouette and personality, I proceed to visualise the style and to sketch it. That is the principle of personality hair styling. It allows the individual characteristics to modify fashion, and produces a line in harmony with the rest of you, detracting from your not-so-good points, emphasising your best. Follow fashion by all means, but adapt fashion to suit you.

No two women can wear exactly the same style, anyway, because no two heads of hair grow in exactly the same way. The natural movement of the hair must influence the styling, which should follow the natural growth of the hair, doing no more than coaxing it into line with fashion. Finding out the idiosyncrasies of each individual head of hair is half the art of hairdressing.

In deciding upon a hair style, bone structure must be taken into account, not only of the features, but the shape of the head, too. As a comfort to those with irregular features, I consider the perfect oval-shaped face is not the most interesting for a hair stylist to have to work on. I could compare hair styling for the regular, symmetrical face to a piece of music with no variations in tempo—the result is monotonous and therefore boring.

Strong facial characteristics dictate the general outline of the style. For instance, with a short neck and shallow forehead, characteristics which usually go together, the

To take advantage of this offer, which is open to all readers during the month of February, 1955, complete the chart on page 69 and send it together with a clear photograph of yourself and a stamped and addressed envelope to Raymond, c/o Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2



BEAUTY

PAGE

YOUR HAIR

hairline should start from a point at the nape of the neck and follow an upward movement. But where the neck is long and forehead high, another usual feature combination, the hair should fall low at the nape to shorten the neckline. A receding chin will call for fullness at the *back* of the head, a prominent nose will be counter-balanced by front hair well drawn forward over the brow to balance the profile.

The quality and texture of the hair affects the choice of style. Fine hair drapes well, where it could look tawdry in curls. Eight times out of ten fine hair lacks elasticity to hold the curl, in spite of the best permanent waving processes, and it is apt to give a fluffy effect not always desirable. Whereas normal or coarse hair will hold a curl, and if correctly permed and cut will keep a smooth sculptured line, if required.

Maintaining your set need not be the serious problem many women imagine it to be. If you pin the hair in bulk, following the existing style you

(*Continued on page* 69)

Face the February winds in a new sweater line . . . . a tailored sweater coat with leopard-fur trimming and buttons . . . or a check blouse and pencil skirt two-piece in navy-blue and white

SWEATER SUIT

Materials required for this two-piece are 22 ozs. navy and 7 ozs. white Wendy Double Knitting Nylonised Wool, one pair of No. 6 and one pair of No. 10 knitting needles, 28 ins. petersham for the skirt waistband and an 8-in. zip fastener. The jersey is designed to fit a 34 to 36-in. bust, the skirt to fit a 36 to 38-in. hip. Tension should be 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 inch measured over work on No. 6 needles, which necessitates holding the wool firmly to get a close fabric which will not stretch in wear. If the blouse only is made, the quantities of material required will be 9 ozs. navy wool and 7 ozs. of white.

THE JERSEY

Start at lower back and using No. 10 needles and navy wool, cast-on 81 sts. Rib as follows :

1st row.—(K. 1, p. 1) to ending k. 1.

2nd row.—(P. 1, k. 1) to ending p. 1.

Rep. these two rows 19 times (=40 rows of rib completed).

Change to No. 6 needles and pat. st. as follows :

1st row.—Using navy wool (k. 1, sl. 1) to ending k. 1.

2nd row.—P. in navy.

3rd row.—Join white and (sl. 1, k. 1) to ending sl. 1.

4th row.—P. in white.

Ref. these four rows inc. 1 st. at each end of the 5th, then every 6th row until 99 sts. on needle. Complete 54 pat. rows (=1 row after 9th inc. row).

Now cast on 12 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows (=267 sts. on needle). Pat. 54 rows.

Shape Neck and Shoulders : Cast off 14 sts. in pat. *loosely* at the beg. of the next two rows ; then cast off 16 sts. at the beg. of the next 12 rows (=47 sts. remain) ; leave these sts. on a pin.

THE FRONT

Work as for back until 46 rows of sleeves completed.

Shape Neck : Pat. to centre 27 sts., turn and dec. at beg. of next row, wrong side facing ; pat. back to end.

Work 9 rows more, dec. at neck edge on each row.

Shape Shoulder : Cast-off 14 sts. at beg. of next row, starting from sleeve end, then cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows starting from same end ; fasten off.

Slip centre 27 sts. on pin for front of neck.

Now work other side of neck and shoulder to pair with first.

CUFF

Using the No. 10 needles cast on in navy 69 sts. and rib as for lower edge of back for 30 rows ; cast off *loosely* in rib.

Work another cuff likewise. (*Continued on page 72*)

Two new Sweater styles

SWEATER COAT

MATERIALS required for this jacket are 20 oz. "Ramada" Super Knitting Wool, 3-ply; 2 No. 10 knitting needles; 6 small button moulds; 1 yd. leopard fur fabric trimming 1½ ins. wide; 1 pair Parapad kimona-shaped shoulder pads. The measurements are 36-38-in. bust, length 26 ins. from top of shoulder, sleeve (underarm) 19 ins. Work at a tension of 7 sts. and 9 rows to the square in., using No. 10 needles and double wool. Abbreviations used are: K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; st.st. = stocking stitch; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; rep. = repeat; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease. Do not work into backs of cast-on stitches unless otherwise stated.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Use two balls of "Ramada" together to obtain double thickness, unless otherwise stated.

Cast on 68 sts. and work 10 rows st.st.

Next row.—Cast on 20 sts., k. to end (knitting into backs of cast-on sts.).

Work 9 rows st.st.

Next row.—K. 20, * k. next st., tog. with corresponding st. from cast-on edge; rep. from * to end of row.

Work 29 rows st.st., beg. and ending with a p. row.

Next row.—(Make buttonholes). K. 2, cast off 3 sts., k. 10 (including st. on needle), cast off 3 sts., k. to end.

Next row.—P. casting on 3 sts. over those cast off in the previous row.

Work 10 rows st.st. (knitting into backs of cast-on sts.).

Dec. 1 st. at end of the next and every following 20th row until 83 sts. remain, at the same time, making 2 more sets of buttonholes at front edge with 34 rows between each set.

Work 11 rows on 83 sts.

Shape Armhole.—Take 2 tog. at end of next 5 k. rows, making 4th set of buttonholes as before, after 34 rows have been worked from the last (78 sts.). Continue on 78 sts., making buttonholes as before with 34 rows between each set, until 6th set is completed.

Work 2 rows, ending at front edge.

Shape neck.—Cast off 20 sts., k. to end.

Next row.—P.

Next row.—Cast off 3 sts., k. to end.

Next row.—P.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end.

Next row.—P.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Next row.—K. 2 tog., k. to end (46 sts.). (*Contd. on p. 72*)

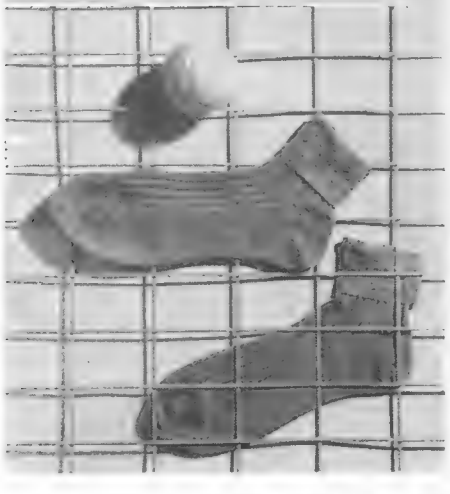
1

5

MARGARET SHARP

Shopping for

2



3

4

1 A suède backed waistcoat made from specially light and supple reversed sheepskin with the fur inside and the outside finished in tan-coloured suede. Price 8 gns. from The Sheepskin Shop, Oxford Street, W.1.

2 We have had washable gloves before, but we have never had *kid* or *suède* gloves which are guaranteed washable. These in black and red by the Yeovil Glove Company are 28s. 9d. from Penberthy's, of Oxford Street, who have a large selection of styles.

3 Silk spun Terylene tennis socks with elasticized lacy cuffs, as designed by Teddy Tinling for "Little Mo" Connolly. In white, 11s. 6d. from Harrods Ltd., Active Sportswear Department, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

4 Mother and daughter wear featherweight slippers, cuffed and lined with sheepskin, made by Morlands, of Glastonbury. At Bourne and Hollingsworth, Oxford Street, W.1, mother's slippers are 35s. 9d., daughter's from 23s. 9d.

5 For a complete transformation of a tired wool dress or sweater, dress it up with one of these pure wool choker collars. They are sold in twenty lovely colours by Marshall and Snelgrove, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1, at 10s. 6d.

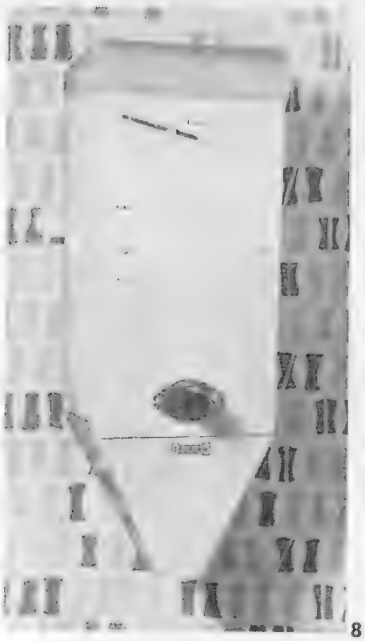
6 An ingenious reversible pochette gives you two handbags for the price of one, and that at a reasonable guinea. Black plastic patent/red, black patent/tan are amongst other colour combinations. Beads, beads, and more beads, says Paris. This ten-strand blue necklace has an adjustable fastener so that it can be worn as a choker if required. Price 32s. 6d. Both from William Whiteley Ltd., Queensway, London, W.2.

7 That charming affectation of Regency ladies, the lorgnette, has returned. These, reminiscent of a romantic bal masque, are called Domino and cost 6 gns. (price includes frames only). There are other styles to choose from at Stanley Unger, 19 Upper Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

6

7

All items on these two pages are postage and packing extra.



8

You . . .

8 It is all too easy to tip too much washing-up powder from the packet into the water. Too-strong a detergent solution is not only bad for the hands, but also wastefully extravagant. This Iberian dispenser with press-button action stops waste by measuring out small amounts of powder at a time. If the idea appeals to you, there is a similar dispenser for tea. Price 18s. 9d. from The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

9 The old adage that dusting merely shifts the dust from one object in the house to another is no longer true. This dusting brush, impregnated with a substance called nenetol which absorbs the dust and prevents it flying about the room and also puts a polish on the furniture at the same time, has revolutionized the dusting ritual. The "Nenette" will deal with the dust effectively and it is nine months before it requires washing and re-impregnating with the nenetol fluid. The brush with its metal canister for storage is 13s. 6d., the nenetol fluid, 3s. 3d., from John Lewis and Company, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1.

10 The 123 bag improver does three things for your handbag: One, it cleans; two, it polishes; three, it preserves. It is suitable for all plastics and leathers except suède. Price 2s. 6d. from departmental stores. Envelope bag is from Galéries Lafayette, Regent Street, W.1.

11 This broom is useful where there are pets in the house, as it is particularly good for picking up hairs on the carpet. The nylon bristles are so processed that they magnetize dust and collect it together within the bristles instead of scattering it over the floor. The Supermaid Magnetic Broom is 13s. 9d. from Selfridge and Co., Oxford Street, W.1.

12 There are three good points about this plastic mixing bowl. It is very light; it is practically unbreakable, even if it should take an accidental knock in the sink and it has an easy grip flange to hold while you are beating or mixing. It holds two quarts, and the bowl can, of course, also be used with an electric mixer. Price 4s. 11d. from Selfridge and Co., Oxford Street, W.1.

13 Glovelies are rubber gloves, specially reinforced with fabric to give them snag-free long life. They are, incidentally, an attractive shade of blue, a pleasant alternative to the usual clinical red. Sizes 6 to 7½, price 5s. 6d. a pair from all Boots Cash Chemists.

9

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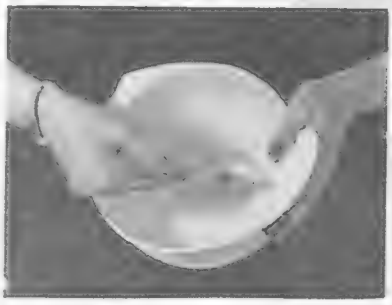


12

13

Service of the Month

A suggestion for your Valentine (February 14, will he remember?) Perhaps he'd love to give you a new spring bonnet, but doesn't relish the idea of asking you to come shopping with him and knows you would never wear a hat of his choosing. Then suggest he goes along to Challis, of Shepherd Market, in Mayfair, W.1, where he can buy a hat voucher for from three to six guineas. This will come to you in the shape of a miniature hat box which can be filled with flowers or chocolates. You then visit Challis and there select your new hat at leisure.

COOKERY

By JANET DARBY

Tempo Pressure Cooker

Do you regard your pressure cooker as a time saver or a perfectionist? . . . it should combine both virtues in one. . . .

PRESSURE cookery isn't new, although its popularity certainly is. More than two hundred years ago it was demonstrated in France, which, considering its tradition of fine and leisurely cooking, was hardly the country in which to start it off successfully. It needed a new world to bring it fully into favour—a world where women were compelled to ally full-time jobs with their time-honoured duties of cooking and catering.

So shopping for food, once a delightful way of passing a couple of hours each morning, is now crammed into a ten-minute sprint on the way to work, while the cooking which is its corollary has to be done in an appropriately short space of time. Which is where pressure cookery comes in.

Let me say at once that I don't accept *all* the claims made for pressure cookers. Some of them are fully justified; the method saves time, and consequently fuel. It saves money, too, because you can buy cheap cuts, which cookery under pressure will make palatable and tender. But it is a pity to buy fine meats like steaks, chops or good roasting joints and to cook them under pressure when you have time for the classic method of slow cooking.

In these days of high prices, however, there is a certain triumph in taking a piece of brisket, chuck or shank of beef, or a tough boiling fowl, and bring it to the table in half an hour or so a brown and tender joint or bird.

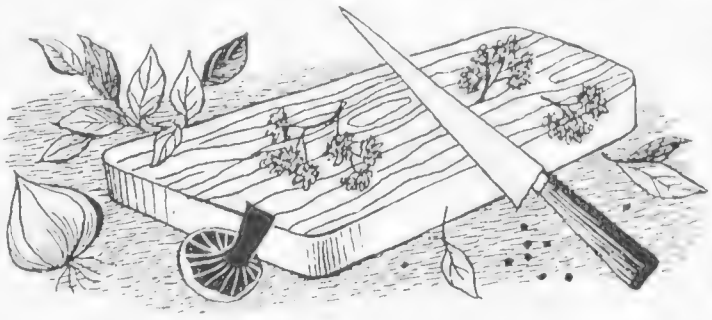
Personally, I prefer to start by browning such meat in a little fat in the bottom of the pressure saucepan, turning it until it is brown all over. I then lift the meat, pour the fat off and put the rack in the pan. Now back goes the meat on to the rack, ready for pressure. Add half to three quarters of a pint of boiling water, put the lid on, and pressure cook for thirty minutes.

Meantime, prepare the vegetables—say potatoes and carrots. Cut them into equal-sized pieces, and they will take four minutes to cook. What a saving that is! Reduce the pressure, open the pan, and add the vegetables: then return to pressure and cook for four minutes longer. Your roast and vegetables are on the table in less than forty minutes.

When pressed for time I rely on the pressure cooker for green vegetables, which it does to perfection in half the time employed in grilling a steak or chop. Cabbage really has a superb fresh flavour when cooked for two minutes only on the rack. No water reaches it, so it cannot become soggy. And spinach, too, taking one minute only, is very satisfactory, both in flavour and appearance.

No more dark green limp rags, but crisp and springy and full of flavour. But I prefer to cook potatoes in the old-fashioned way: and frankly I have never been satisfied with macaroni and other paste foods when pressure cooked.

But soups! Now, that really is worth while. Rich, jellying stock made from bones in half an hour. It would take at least five hours of ordinary slow cooking to get the same result. You may use any bones the butcher can spare, cover them with water (but be sure that the pan is no more than half full) bring to pressure and cook for half an hour. The bones will actually have dissolved, so great is the pressure, and the result is a stock which is full of nourishment, ready to form the basis of any soup. I do not add vegetables when making this stock, as there is less danger of a pure bone or meat stock souring if kept for a while.



A cold wintry day, demanding the comfort of a soupy first course, can be dealt with in almost the time it takes to lay the table. Carrot soup, for example, takes four minutes to cook, (*Continued on page 72*)

Know what's cooking just by looking — down to the merest glimmer for slow simmer, up to full flame for fast boil — that's what the visible flame of gas means to the housewife. She can see the flame, she can adjust to every requirement by finger-tip control. It's all so easy, so sure, that — for cooking — **8 out of 9 housewives say**

Good - it's GAS!

The new gas cookers are so efficient that 3 therms of gas now do the work that required 5 therms in some of the older models. *See the many new models and enquire about easy terms at your gas showrooms.*

Issued by the Gas Council THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE **BEST** USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

My Love Is A Visitor (*Continued from page 8*)

excuses for being late, her eyes steadying to meet the hurt young eyes of accusation and suspicion.

Recalling those eyes, Denise knew the full measure of hopelessness. For there was an implacableness about them, an intensity, a steadiness which defeated evasion. Passionate, dedicated, steadfast, loyal, protective . . . that was the child, and those were the formidable weapons she possessed.

Climbing the flights of stairs, feeling for her key, letting herself into the flat, Denise dreaded the next few moments. The child would come hurtling out into the hall, those terrible, wonderful eyes which were so unbearably Hugh's eyes, remorselessly plumbing the depths of Denise's deceit. "You're late!" she'd cry, brutal and worshipping and frightened, looking at the great ugly watch on her bony wrist. "You've been to see *him*, haven't you? I can tell! I can always tell! You always look like *that* when you've been to see him!"

And, "Darling," Denise would say lightly, mastering the exhaustion these scenes evoked, "darling, you mustn't be silly. There are things to settle. . . ."

Now, closing the hall door, Denise stood there in the merciful darkness, clarifying the decision formulating in her mind. This couldn't go on. It had to be the end. She mustn't see Hugh again. Somehow they must break clean, not hang on to these tenuous threads, hoping for a second chance, living on self-deception, living for a time which may not come for years, which may never come at all. And even if it came, by then one of them might feel differently, despite their feelings now. It was in the very nature of things, for both of them were normal, affectionate . . . .

She thought of Hugh, married to someone else, and crammed her knuckles to her mouth. "Sit by the fire for a bit . . . do the washing-up for you. . . ."

She switched on the hall light, conscious as she did so of swift movement from beyond the closed sitting-room door.

NERVOUSLY, she looked searchingly into the mirror above the table, smoothed her hair, relaxed the muscles of her face, put on more lipstick, smiled. In the seconds left to her before she surrendered to the child's suffocating love, a love which encompassed and cornered her, Denise rehearsed her excuses for being late. Then, ready for the attack, her defences only lightly in check, she went purposefully into the sitting-room.

The child's words rushed at her from a distance, breathless, darting, full of anxiety.

"Mummy, you don't know Tony, do you? Tony, this is my mother. Mummy, do you mind awfully, but Tony said could I go to the pictures with him? Only I said I'd just wait till you got in so's I could ask you."

Desperately, the wide grey eyes which were Hugh's eyes, too, implored Denise not to comment upon the startling new hair-do, the jagged, brilliant lipstick, the gilt bracelet, borrowed, like the sleek black coat, from Denise.

"Tony . . . ?" said Denise helplessly, glancing at the good-looking young man who stood gazing at the brat with embarrassingly naked adoration.

"He's a student in my class," panted the child, as though this guaranteed his credentials.

"I'll take great care of her," said the young man very soberly, "and I'll see she's back by ten thirty . . . if that's all right?"

Anxiously, side by side, they awaited her permission, her benediction, her words which would release them.

"Have a lovely time, my darling," said Denise softly, gently, a little wistfully, remembering when she had stood thus, with Hugh.

The flat was broodingly quiet when they'd gone. There were flowers on the table; not the conventional bunch, but a whole small tree of heavy white blossoms in a glazed pot, a little tree that would go on flowering for a long time. A card lay neatly among the shiny leaves. *To The Cabbage from Tony.*

. . . I could come and sit by the fire . . . one evening when she's out . . . you could make a sign, like putting a plant in the window. . . .

Tentatively, with a bemused smile at the absurdity, Denise lifted the pot, carried it to the window sill and drew back the curtains. Then, with a sigh, she went into the kitchen.

Christmas Cards Wanted

Do you, like most of us, throw away your old Christmas cards, wishing perhaps you could think of some way of putting them to further good use?

If so, you may like to know of a bed-ridden ex-soldier who would be more than grateful to have them.

He is Guy Maloney, and he runs a small card-renovating business which he operates from his bedside. His aim: to expand his activities sufficiently to offer a livelihood to other bed-ridden ex-Servicemen.

The address to which cards should be sent is: Guy Maloney, 86 Eleanor Road, Harrogate, Yorks.

For once, the child had left the washing-up.

In a silence which intensified her loneliness, Denise ran the hot water, took down her apron from its peg behind the door.

A few minutes later, the child was back. Her voice, calling in sharp excitement from the doorway, startled Denise.

"Mummy, I had to rush back because . . . because. . . ." She dived into the kitchen, flung her arms round Denise, gabbling incoherently all the time while a dozen fears ran through Denise's head: an accident? a quarrel with the young man?

"Darling, what *is* it?" Gently, she freed herself.

"It's because I'm so happy! I was all mixed up before, but I see it all now. And Tony said. . . ."

Then Denise saw him, standing hesitantly in the doorway.

"I found him in the street," gabbled the child. "He was lighting a cigarette and he looked up at our window and I looked up, too, and saw Tony's flowers and somehow it all came right. . . ."

"Hullo . . ." Hugh's voice, quiet and tender, cut across the scramble of words; his eyes held Denise's above the child's head.

"Well . . . I've got to *rush*!" said the child breathlessly. "Tony's waiting . . ." Then, with a quick, shy smile at Hugh she added awkwardly, "See you later . . . ?"

Then she was gone and Hugh was holding Denise tightly in his arms.

When he could bear to release her he took off his jacket, purposefully untied her apron and tied it round his own waist. Standing there, absurd and handsome, he posed by the sink.

"Look, darling . . ." he said proudly, blissfully, "Your aprons still fit me!"

Then together they set about that most menial of domestic tasks, working slowly and pleasurably, with all the reverence due to a dream which was suddenly coming true.

END

Knights In Distress (*Continued from page 9*)

One of the more sordid reasons for the clash between the sexes is—money. Very many wives are earning more than their husbands and it is sad but true that the hand that holds the purse strings rules the roost. In the old days Papa earned the money and doled it out and everyone knew where they were, even if they didn't like it. Now we're all as bewildered as a yokel in Piccadilly Circus.

It is a vicious circle.

If wives want to keep the standard of living they have helped to create they must go on working. Stop, and a big slice of the family income stops, too. So what to do? Your guess is as good as mine and I haven't got one.

It would be ideal if wives could be wage-earners and keep their femininity. I have never met one who could. I shan't be popular for saying it, but in my opinion filling coffers hardens the face and the voice, if not the arteries. Women's psyche isn't attuned to commerce and machinery looks happier in masculine hands. The word "woman" should make us think of velvet, smooth surfaces, warm glows, blue Madonnas.

IT isn't easy for a woman to get home from an exacting job and possibly one which carries authority and immediately to become a loving, gentle wife. It is *her* slippers that must metaphorically be warming. This situation puts the second fiddle in the men's hands and the irony of it is that sight of them playing it infuriates their wives. Circumstances often drive men to the cooker and the sink where they unconsciously undermine their masculinity to the frustrated fury of their women folk.

Men must feel that we have put them in a false position, in the wrong, and this knowledge makes them graceless and boorish. "*All right, clever, get on with it,*" I guess they think, sticking fast to their bus seats, charging first into Underground trains, allowing us to light our own cigarettes.

When I meet a really courtly man these days I have two reactions: the first, embarrassed astonishment, the second, a warm glow that produces a charming womanliness in me that astonishes myself. A light is lighted. If I started off with that charm might it not create the courtesy that warms my heart? Conscience prompts, yes.

Because of the dearth of knights women rush for compensations. They join clubs, they start leagues to prove their independence. All dust and ashes, I bet, with them keeping a weather eye open for any wandering knights. Leagues and associations are poor compensation for a man's arms round you.

Fond of my sex as I am I am often appalled by their manners.

They grab restaurant menus from their escorts' hands, tap an irritable toe if he can't produce a taxi out of the air, rush to open doors before he can get there to do it for them. If only they could see themselves as others see them: they make men look unmanly and all sympathy is his, not theirs.

HOW many years is it since a woman dropped a handkerchief intentionally? Since she hid her face on a man's shoulder at the first flash of lightning? Makes you think, doesn't it?

Personally I'm toying with the idea of going to live in Mexico, having just read a delightful book called *My Heart Lies South*, by Elizabeth de Trevino. She was an American who married a Mexican and went to live in the bosom of his family. Listen to this from her book: ". . . independence in the female, a quality much appreciated in the United States, is not considered admirable to the same extent in Mexico. The idea is that when women are foolish enough to make themselves independent, nobody will look after them any more, and that it is nicer to be looked after."

Agree?

Let's suppose for a moment (although I don't believe it) that our generation is doomed to go knightless, mustn't we, as mothers, see to it that our sons take on where their fathers left off? There (*Continued on page 60*)

"a bit—and so quick!"

. . . parry — pause — remise — touché ! Relax — pause — refresh — *coffee*. Made with appropriate speed ; with Nescafé, the pure coffee that dissolves instantly. Nescafé really does make coffee as good as coffee brewed the time-taking way. Or better, because with Nescafé mistakes aren't possible ; you're sure that every cup is fresh and perfect. Nescafé as many people are finding, is not only coffee at its quickest (and most economical !) but coffee at its most enjoyable.

there's always time for **NESCAFÉ**

100% PURE COFFEE

125

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

could be lesser ambitions than creating knights for little pig-tailed girls of today—women of tomorrow.

In effect, men say: "You've fought for your emancipation—now enjoy it, *if you can*!" Many letters are written to the papers in this strain. I beg to differ. It was some generations back that women fought for emancipation and—willy-nilly—we have to have it. If we are honest and own we've handled it badly, I wonder what sort of fist the Suffragettes would have made of it. They sowed, we reap. And it is never so sweet to pick the fruit you didn't plant yourself.

The subject is one that can be argued over *ad nauseam*: like which comes first, the chicken or the egg.

I ASKED a typical man of the times what he thought about it all. This is his opinion. "The trouble with freedom for women is that it makes them (except for one thing, Love) *free* of men. They can earn their own living, look after themselves, travel alone—yet they still want to be needed. But to be needed they must be dependent, not independent. Cats, to whom they have so unfairly been compared, can be lovable creatures, but you never feel they need *you*. There is a loneliness among men (believe it or not) today, when they feel that women can do without them except for emotional moments. Men thus serve their purpose as lovers, husbands, for a few moments now and then—and then away go the women again, free as air." But do we really want to be in this sort of position?

The chains with which Mrs. Pankhurst fastened herself to the railings in Hyde Park should have been forged for all women, chaining them to some man. When we broke the chains we broke something precious.

Hmm. Ummm. . . .

All very well as long as men prove capable of a new strength to match our new weakness.

Obviously one side has got to give in first. On thinking it over I'm all for honourable capitulation. Lead me to one of those knights, lying doggo and waiting to cosset a little woman.

Get behind me in the queue, girls.

END

Sherard's Eye-View (*Continued from page* 11

workroom and gaining experience. It takes about four years to become a full blown dressmaking hand. These girls start life the hard way as apprentices, and after months of "pin picking up" and the tea-making penance, achieve the right to "sit down." Once in the seated position, only a fire or an angry fitter will get a girl off her chair.

The early work of the improvers must seem dull and disappointing to them, but they are at last actually working on a customer's dresses.

Then there is the stockroom which must be highly efficient and attached to this is the matching girl. She is usually the salt of the earth, a cockney born and bred, tough, gifted with the patience of Job, for she is responsible for finding and matching all lining, trimming materials and sewing silks, however difficult the colour required. Sometimes she will spend a whole day trailing to the cloth and silk merchants in the West End until the perfect match is found. Rain, sun or snow she must be out playing her essential part in the organization of the House. Customers rarely think of the extra work involved in the slightest change in colour and fabric of the model they have chosen, or appreciate the extra work that a special design involves.

In its collection of models a House shows all the birth throes and teething troubles of a new-born design already nursed to maturity. Yet personally, I welcome new trends for they add variety to the daily grind, and some of the loveliest dresses which I have made have been in collaboration with a customer. Once the season is in full swing, and as I myself see nearly every fitting done in the House, it can become monotonous to watch the same dress time and again, in different colours on all shapes and sizes.

The selling and showroom side (not Salon, a spade is a spade) is better known to you all—so working upwards from the stockroom, which is the link between sales and production, we find the showroom junior, who runs back and forth with dockets and patterns to her saleswoman to whom she is responsible for seeing that all her orders are efficiently in hand; that appointments are made with customers; that all patterns required are sent to them; in fact she fags for her senior.

Saleswomen are born and not made and good ones are very rare. They must know their trade from A to Z, be very conscientious, understand fittings, have great tact, know their customers' way of life, guide them into the right clothes and subtly train them in the taste of the House. They must give confidence to the customers, say little at fittings, but memorize adjustments to discuss with the fitter. They must have an enormous sense of dress and colour and, to end it all, personal charm.

Lastly, of great importance because they can make or mar a dress by the way it is shown, are the model girls; they are pampered like Strasburg geese, but somehow never get fat. They are the ones with pretty faces, figures and flair or rich papas. Theirs in fact is the only possible place for an amateur in a dress House.

END

What's This About Grooming?

(*Continued from page* 12)

believe the need for grooming is much exaggerated. Nature has endowed dogs with the ability to clean themselves. I am always staggered at the way long-coated dogs, dried and given plenty of clean straw, will appear immaculate the day after a muddy walk, especially collies. Groom your dog for his health and beauty, and not just because your maternal instincts need outlet, or your dog may realize you are overdoing it. Not being a human being to be cooed over, he may resent your ministrations, and so another astonished owner may wonder after being bitten, why the dog she adores is so ungrateful.

I maintain that dogs should be bathed once a month and whether groomed or not, they should be "topped and tailed" frequently. I keep my dogs' flannels for this purpose in our cloakroom; thus they are automatically treated to this hygienic method of keeping them free from smell and they are always fit companions even in the drawing-room. But I have never met anyone else who considers this an important part of a dog's grooming.

I believe, too, that exercise for a dog in bad weather should be limited. Why do owners make themselves and their dogs unhappy trudging along on a wet winter day? A dog's health will not suffer seriously without it. If the animal lives in the house and follows you around like my dogs do, they must walk at least six miles a day in this way alone!

END

Shades . . . (*Continued from page* 25)

Place the shade over the frame, draw up the cord to fit and tie in a bow. Knot the cord 1½ ins. from the end and fray out into a tassle.

THE tall shade for the wall lamp is made in red flock paper lined with white, the diamond pattern cut out of the flock paper so that the white lining shows through. Flock papers, which have a velvet-like pile, can be obtained in many colours from most shops stocking fancy papers. This shade was thonged with blue leather, although plastic thonging could be used instead.

First make a paper pattern for the shade, using the basic principle for making a shade of any measurements, with straight sides, given in Diagram 3. Do not be alarmed by the look of the diagram, as it is very simple and quick to do. An ordinary pair of compasses will not be large enough to draw the arcs required, but a pin, a pencil and a piece of string will solve the problem. When you have drawn the diagram as far as point H, stick a pin in at H, loop a piece of string round it, twist the other end of it round a pencil and draw the two arcs of the circle.

This is how you work out the diagram: Let the line AB represent the diameter of the circular bottom of the proposed frame. From C, a point halfway between A and B draw a line CD perpendicular to AB, the length of the line CD being equal to the height of the frame. Draw a line EDF parallel to the line ACB, this line representing the diameter of the circular top of the frame, the point D being midway between E and F. Draw lines through AE and BF meeting at H.

From H as centre, draw an arc of a circle EFG the length of this arc to be exactly equal to the circumference of the circular top of the frame. From H as centre, draw another arc of a circle ABI the length of this arc to be exactly equal to the circumference of the circular bottom of the frame. Join G and I. Cut out the part shaded in the diagram, that is the area enclosed by EGIA, which is the pattern required.

Having made the pattern for the shade, cut it out in red flock and white parchment or paper for the lining, allowing ½ inch turnings on the short sides. Mark the position of the thonging holes on both pieces of the cover ½ inch apart and ⅝ inch from the edges. Care must be taken that the holes in both outer and lining pieces coincide. Punch the holes with a leather punch.

Draw the diamond design on the pattern, place on the flock paper and trace off with a sharp pencil. Cut out the diamonds with a sharp penknife or stencil knife, starting at the corner. The easiest way of doing this is to place the flock paper flat on to a thick cardboard backing for the cutting out. Join the short sides of the covers with liquid glue.

Fit the red cover over the white, with the joins coinciding, and tie them together through about every sixth thonging hole top and bottom with cotton, to keep them in place. Attaching a piece of thonging to the bottom ring of the frame, fit covers over the frame and thong as shown in diagram C. Care must be taken not to pull the thonging too tight so that the papers tear. Remove the cotton attaching threads when the shade is assembled.

THE shallow table lamp shade is made in printed wallpaper, but a paper with a design with a definite wrong way up is to be avoided otherwise parts of the design will appear upside down on the shade. Velvet ribbon ¾ in. wide was used for the trimming.

Make a pattern for the shade following the basic principles described before (see diagram 3.) Cut out the shade, placing the pattern on the wallpaper so as to get the most satisfactory arrangement of the design on the shade and allow ½ inch turnings on the short sides.

Paste the short sides together and when dry, place the cover over the frame holding it in place, about every 8 inches on both rings, with a tie made by putting a stitch through the paper and round the ring and tying off the cotton. Stitch the paper on to the binding all round, starting with the bottom ring, see Diagram D. Paste the ribbon on with Mistic paste so that it covers the stitches and the edge of the rings.

END

Goodbye, My Glasshouse

(*Continued from page* 15)

had brought honour to the school in his day and who was furthering that honour as a graduate.

John was touched, and deeply grateful. He moved into his new job the next month.

Three months later he was engaged to Evadne.

He was not quite sure even now, how that had happened, but he knew he was lucky. Everyone told him so. They had had some wonderful times together, too, in those three months, with Evadne happily unconcerned at John's rugged forthrightness, and apparently loving him for himself. Even the fact of his name being, as she said with a faint shudder, that of a famous prizefighter, she passed off with a laugh. It was only lately, that she had told him how after her marriage she intended to be Mrs. Laurance Sullivan, using his second name only.

The new job carried an excellent salary which John appreciated but felt he earned. Tod Gilchrist was not easy with his executives. He expected a fair return for his money and interest and more besides.

It was only in this last month or two that John had become gradually aware of the tightening of the rein.

Not by Tod. By Evadne.

But now he followed her docilely enough into her father's house.

"And so," Evadne was saying, sinking gracefully into a priceless Louis fourteenth love-seat and waving John towards an equally priceless piece that housed more modern drinks, "we've decided to hold a dance at Riverside. Probably next month."

John poured drinks and listened.

"Limiting it to members, of course," Evadne said. "Tickets at three guineas."

"Isn't that a bit steep? Three guineas, double?"

Evadne stretched and yawned. "Single. As Harold Rowlands said, you've got to do the thing properly."

John said bluntly: "D'you think anybody'd be mug enough to pay that kind of money? They're not all soap-kings."

Evadne did not answer at once. Instead, she looked at John with the faint frown of distaste that often settled on her brow in their moments alone. After a minute she put up her hand and stroked his hair. "John, darling, don't you think you're being a little suburban?"

"Maybe I am," John said. "I come from the suburbs, remember?"

Evadne gave a small laugh, though her colour heightened. "You really give me little opportunity of forgetting."

John swallowed his drink and stood up. "One thing, Evadne, I'll say what I like and act as I like. I'm not living in a glasshouse to hit anybody."

At once Evadne was all smiles and sweetness. "Johnnie, darling, course not. I couldn't want you any different, could I?" She drew s head down and kissed him with a passion that still moved him, en as he murmured: "I wonder."

John was in Riverside car-park next Saturday when he heard a stant hail: "Hiya, Moses!"

He grinned, looking along the river bank till he saw her, this time a small flat-bottomed boat on the river, and with a young man. He aved back, after first making sure that Evadne was occupied at the owland's car. He had thought more than a little about Ria in the t week. He looked a little wistfully at the small purposeful figure ith the bright short curls. He wondered about the man she was with and decided he didn't much care for him. Not that he could see his e, back on and at this distance, but well—a chap sensed these things. John knew he wasn't his type.

"John!" There was unmistakable impatience in Evadne's voice, "we're all waiting for you."

He swung his clubs on to his trolley. "Coming, dear," he said, with the merest suspicion of an inflection as he strode after her.

From the higher ground of the fourteenth tee he looked across the car park to the river. There was the fisherman, intent on making his cast. Out of his vision and beyond the flax bushes was little Miss Mud, fishing rod propped in the correct stance and a book wide open on her lap.

It intrigued John. "Mudlarking," he muttered.

"What was that?" Evadne's voice, edged with scorn, brought him back. "Really, John, you might concentrate. There—you've sliced it!"

John applied himself to the game.

Evadne seemed abstracted on the way home. They were almost back to town before she broke into John's thoughts with a perception that bordered on telepathy.

"I've discovered one or two things about your little pick-up, John."

"Pick-up?" he repeated resentfully, knowing she meant Ria and hating her for the slur. "I'm afraid I don't follow."

"Oh, don't be absurd. That little piece on the river bank. She was ogling you today, too. Well, she's old Colonel Frinton's granddaughter, and they tell me she's engaged or as good as to Anthony Rowlands—Harold's cousin."

"Soap," John said thoughtfully, "is attractive in quantity, or its profits are." He knew he was being unfair. Instinctively he was certain that profits would not affect Ria's judgments. And after all Anthony Rowlands might be quite a good type.

"Harold Rowlands," Evadne said pointedly, "is utterly charming. A gentleman at all times."

With all his heart John wished the gentleman at all times had won Evadne.

"I want you to remember what I've told you," Evadne said, "because the Rowlands are in our party for the dance."

John was aware of a wild surge of elation (*Continued on page* 62)

NEW TREATMENT 'LIFTS' SAGGING FACIAL CONTOURS

★ ★ **By HELENA RUBINSTEIN** ★ ★

SOONER or later it happens to every woman. A hint of bagginess under the eyes, a slight sagging about the jawline, a few crepy wrinkles appearing round the neck—and suddenly, the face in the mirror is no longer young. Until recently, there was little that could be done. Not now, however. Because, at last, with my new Contour-Lift Film, you can *visibly* 'lift' and firm sagging facial contours.

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★ ★ ★

(*Continued from page 61*)

that no betrothed young man should feel under the circumstances. Somehow he contrived to give no outward sign. "I see," he said with polite disinterest. "Good."

That evening in secret and alone, he went into ways and means of breaking off his engagement. It wasn't, he told himself, that Ria had anything to do with it. A chap did not make vital decisions through merely meeting up with an enchanting face and a merry turn of wit. No, it was simply that he and Evadne were unsuited. Take, for instance, the hopscotch question.

John's chin jutted involuntarily as he took the hopscotch question.

Early on a heavenly Sunday morning, it had been, as he and Evadne strolled upon the beach. It was the weekend he had spent at her father's large and luxurious beach house. Not a soul in sight but he and Evadne, that morning, with the beach as smooth as glass from the receding tide and there, marked out in the sand by some child, was the hopscotch. Even the block of wood left in first base.

"Come on, Evadne," he had said with a laugh. He hadn't seen hopscotch in years. "Give you a game."

But Evadne wouldn't. "Are you mad?" she asked him, her dark brows drawn together in disgust. "What would people think? And on Sunday. And at your age. And——"

"Okay," John said. "I'll play my hopscotch by myself."

Carefully he played it. There was some satisfaction in defying Evadne even over a trivial matter. Though it wasn't so trivial. The hopscotch had become a symbol. More than that, a map.

As he slid the block and jumped the last three bases, John realized it fully. It was a map of Evadne's projection of life and of his. And they were too different for marriage.

Yet it would break Tod's heart, John felt, if he were to jilt Evadne. Also it would mean the end of his promising career in Gilchrist's.

John swore into his pillow. If only Evadne could look upon Harold once more with eyes of love and know him as her true destiny. If only Evadne would jilt Sullivan.

Well, there was always a faint hope in the forthcoming golf dance.

Ria Frinton would be there. On the thought John rolled over and went to sleep.

THE night of the dance was perfect, the air warm and windless. John was pleased at that. It had been Evadne's idea to have part of the terrace that overlooked the river arranged as a sitting-out place, with fairy lights and tubs of hydrangeas and borrowed terrace furniture. A bad night would have ruined that plan, and Evadne disliked her plans ruined.

She was looking her most glamorous, tonight. Her gown was flame coloured and threaded with gold so that when she moved the skirt rippled and scintillated like fire itself. Yes, Evadne was beautiful tonight, her dark eyes sparkling and her black hair caught back from the profile that thrilled the society columnists.

John turned his head to look at Ria. He felt his heart turn, too. Ria, in a full-skirted frock of filmy white was a picture. She reminded John of the small exquisite paintings they did on ivory. He had seen them in Italy and marvelled at their perfection.

As though she felt his eyes on her she turned and smiled. Immediately John felt everyone must sense the strong excitement that possessed him. Soon he would hold her as they danced.

"Do you know," he said softly, as he guided her on the dance floor, "you are looking very beautiful tonight."

Her eyes showed her pleasure, but she only said demurely: "So is Evadne."

He looked at Evadne, dancing with Harold Rowlands. "She does," he agreed, "in a different way. Tell me, are you going to marry Tony Rowlands?"

"It looks like it," she said in the half-careless, half dreamy way he had found so attractive that day by the river. Now it irritated him. Prospective marriage was not a scheme to be careless about, no one knew it better than he.

"Looks like it," he repeated. "Don't you know?"

She opened those clear eyes wide and looked up at him. "No. Do you? I mean, do you know if you're going to marry Evadne?"

Beautifully done, he couldn't but admit. He tried blustering. "Yes—of course! That is, naturally. I mean, that has nothing to do with it. It all depends."

She nodded. "That's what I meant."

They danced in silence then: "Why do you trail around the river bank?" he asked abruptly.

She seemed to consider, her slim body following his in the rhythmic turn of the samba. "It's like your golf. Evadne likes golf so you play. Tony likes fishing so I fish. Only, I don't fish," she ended.

"It's a crazy set-up," John said.

"Crazy," she agreed.

His arm tightened about her as he said: "We ought to do something about it." He didn't catch her answer, quite. For a moment he thought she whispered: "I'm going to."

"Little Ria," he murmured, not quite steadily, as the dance ended. He led her back to the table and to Anthony Rowlands. However, he was not alone. Evadne was waiting.

It was late before he strolled out to the terrace. He was alone, and glad of a breath of air. The moon was casting a romantic light over Evadne's flowers and highlighting the dark satin of the river below. Couples were walking along the narrow path beside the stream. With a start of surprise John heard Evadne's restrained laugh, also Harold's affected: "Oh, indubitably, old thing. Indubitably." Ass, John thought. They passed on, not seeing him in the shade of the old copper beech. There, now, was Ria, her white frock pale and glimmering in the moonlight. She turned for a moment, scanning the bank above, and John thought she waved to him slightly.

What happened next was so sudden he was rendered incapable of further clear thought There was a shriek, a splash, wild cries of "Help, help!" And, unmistakably in Ria's voice,: "John, help!" and John, minus his dinner jacket and shoes, was down the bank and in the icy cold water.

Ria seemed well out in the stream. "John," she moaned. She went under again as he reached her, then came up, moving her head and blinking. "John!"

"Coming, darling!" he called, uncaring of the cluster of people on the bank. "I've got you." As he grasped her frock she gave a sigh of thankfulness. Then he was carrying her to the bank, and the Rowlands helped them, dripping mud and water weed, in to the club-house.

Someone produced towels and a greatcoat for Ria and towels and golf clothes for John. Evadne, John noticed, was not amongst those present as they gathered in the club sitting-room. Nor was Harold Rowlands.

They came in together. Evadne looked at John with pronounced hostility. "It had to be you, I suppose, to go to her assistance," she said. She looked at Ria as at some lesser species of water-snake.

"Yes," John said.

"I've been thinking," Evadne went on, drawing off her ring and tossing it on to Colonel Frinton's plus-fours which John was wearing, "that all this is rather boring. Harold agrees with me. In fact, we're announcing our engagement in the morning."

"Indubitably," Harold said dispassionately.

"Grand!" John rose, knocking Evadne's diamond to the floor as he hastened to shake hands. Ria said nothing, just sat there, her eyes shining.

They went away. Anthony Rowlands drifted in. "Everything all right?"

"Fine. By the way," John said, "considering Ria was your partner you acted very strangely. No attempt to save her. She might have drowned."

Rowlands shook his head, his face bland. "No," he said gently, "she wouldn't."

"It's easily done."

"Not by Ria. She swims like a fish."

Afterwards, sitting in the car John asked: "Darling, was it all. . . ."

She nodded, her arms tight around his neck. "I had to do something."

"And mudlarking's your hobby," John said, kissing her.

"Was my hobby," she told him. "Now—it's you!" END

Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden

(*Continued from page 37*)

Beyond and behind the wall the garden is again divided by a fine beech hedge with a small orchard on the east side and a hedge on the west.

At the extremity we have made the vegetable garden. On the west there is nothing between us and the hills of Hindhead so one of our problems has been to shield the garden from the wind on that side. Now we have eight feet high yews with wattle hurdles to protect them until they are established.

Our last garden was a small one and the heavy clay was difficult to work when wet or baked hard by the sun so we concentrated on permanent crops. Only a few annuals had managed to germinate and those did not flower until September so we gave up after the first year and concentrated on shrubs, herbaceous plants, roses and soft fruits.

Soft fruits were by far the most economical proposition. We all love them. I make jam and bottle all the fruit we can grow.

Now we have more space for fruits and vegetables and we plan to have something to eat from the garden all the year round. But we prefer to grow the choicer vegetables and those expensive luxuries like early peas, french and runner beans, asparagus, winter lettuce, sweet corn, young carrots and tomatoes. We grow only early potatoes as we have no room for early and main crop.

To get early crops you do need a certain number of cloches, if possible one or two cold frames and, even more valuable, a frame with low voltage soil-warming wires. Our peas and beans sown in October were already above the soil under cloches in December and our lettuce sown under cloches at the same time were ready for cutting in December.

Of course, in the south our crops are a bit earlier and go on later than those in the north can. We were still eating late peas in mid-October which were sown in June.

Last year, unless we had grown dwarf tomatoes such as Atom and Amateur under cloches we should have had very few outdoor tomatoes and though I am terrified of cloches they are most useful things. The autumn's gales did some damage to the cloches and to our greenhouse, but Rusty who is still not a year old and Toddy, equally frisky, and like Rusty, not very garden minded as yet, did their own damage by capering along the tops of the flat cloches, and treating them like hurdles.

A planting job that must be completed soon is of single cordon apples and pears to frame our soft fruit plot. This system of growing apples and pears is, to my mind, the finest of all because I can look after them—pruning them and gathering the fruit—without having to climb a ladder.

We plant them two feet apart and so manage to pack many varieties into a small area. Of apples, we favour Cox's Orange Pippin, Epicure, Merton Worcester and Fortune. Of pears, we choose Conference and Doyenne du Comice. Such a selection of varieties gives us a better chance of fruit from one or other, even in a bad season. It takes care of the problem of pollination too.

We are pinning our faith on Malling Exploit for a raspberry variety and Wellington XXX black currants. Gooseberries and red currants we have in several varieties—Leveller and Whinham's Industry, and for red currants Perfection, and Comet. For strawberries, we have Royal Sovereign for the July crop, with St. Claude and Sans Rivale which give us fruits from August until early November.

END

The Apple Tree, The Singing And The Gold

(*Continued from page 26*)

He'll notice *them*, I'd suppose, seeing it was him ordered them and paid for them."

She had acquired the habit of using the word "improvements" in a tone of special contempt. The extra bathroom, the new lighting system and the discreet central heating which were Adrian's gift to the house were regarded by Hannah with sidelong looks, grudging and suspicious. "What was good enough in your father's day . . ." so, darkly, she had relieved her feelings against the inconvenience of having workmen in the house, and when the invasion was over and the new amenities shone in the full glory of working order she retracted nothing. She was like a mother, Polly thought, whose loved child had been dressed by some interfering outsider with clothes too fine for her own purse. Resentment lay in her mind against implied criticism.

Polly liked the despised improvements and liked the idea, too, that Adrian was responsible for them. It gave him, somehow, a foothold —slight, precarious, but authentic—in a place too faintly marked with his signature.

"Yes, I hope he'll be satisfied—but you know, Hannah, I don't think those are the things that matter. Plumbing and heating are only impersonal conveniences; he'd take them for granted. We don't, yet, because we knew the house too well without them. But the house itself, and Larchbarrow, and even us—he knew us all for so short a time, and he has been so very far away. Would there be such a word as home, do you think, in his dictionary?"

She talked to Hannah, as all her life she had talked to Hannah, as if understanding existed where reason told her that it did not in fact exist. She poured her thoughts upon Hannah's ears as she might have written them in a diary. The response was at least human, more companionable than a blank white page.

"Home comforts," said Hannah, sitting back on her heels, "ought to be a nice thing for any man after where he's been. Those outlandish places—what they do it for I don't know. He won't know himself by his own fireside."

Polly was cleaning an old brass jug and she stood cradling it in her arms, idly, thoughtfully. Hannah employed stock phrases with a meaning which flickered over their surface, accepted without any delving questions. If one had asked Hannah what she really meant when she said that Adrian would not know himself, she would have stared and looked a little testy, implying that any fool must understand. Polly caught the words and turned them over in her mind, not asking Hannah about them but asking herself. They assumed a quality of wisdom.

Simple, direct, uncomplicated people like Hannah were the people who made wise statements, even if they made them out of a reach-me-down store. Adrian would not know himself, because he now knew himself only as a famous explorer and a conqueror of great mountains, with the acclaim of the world about his ears and no love in his heart except the love of adventure. High hopes must always melt, for Adrian, on the warm hearth-stone. There was nothing here, nothing in the shining brasses and gleamy wood of the old home to offer to the self which must have become his familiar companion. He would not know himself because he would not belong.

Polly held up the brass jug and looked at her own twinkling reflection in it, a reflection robbed of its full colours and glowing palely blended in the golden patina of the metal. Even to herself she looked remote, as if she existed in a vacuum, as if she dwelt in some barriered region where she was literally intangible. She could regard that reflected image almost impersonally as her husband's wife, the woman who was the essential reason for Adrian's return to Larchbarrow.

It was not for Larchbarrow that he came, and not for the house which they now made ready to receive him; they were arbitrary, encroaching upon his life only because they contained her. At the core of his homecoming was the woman reflected in brass, the woman he had married in some half-forgotten lull between adventures, the woman whom she could only with difficulty recognize as herself.

She saw there a reason for pride, and yet pride refused to uphold her. It was a sensation strange to her; she had lived humbly and even timidly, accepting her unimportance, and she could not now change herself. Pride in the achievements of Adrian—yes, she had known that, although she had felt sometimes bowed down in a sense of isolation when the Larchbarrow people treated her with their new respect.

It should have lifted her head instead of bowing it, but it was like a wind which blew bleakly and against which she had no adequate protection. She could remember that she had been proud, once, when Adrian astonishingly chose her to be his wife. The astonishment was more keenly felt now than then; then, with her universe whirling about her in a ridiculous fairy tale, the sudden enchantment of being in love had made anything possible and indeed inevitable.

They had met, and something had happened to them, and they had rushed together—it seemed, now, that they had rushed blindly together in that moment of meeting, although at the time there must have been a few stages of progression—and because of that she was the magnet which drew him home. Astonishment remained and grew, but pride quivered and faded.

To think of herself as a magnet was absurd. She could not dismiss an uneasy feeling that she occupied that central position in Adrian's universe not in her own right, but simply because she happened to be his wife. A man who had battled with nature (*Continued on page 64*)

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in far, high places returned to his own land and to the woman who bore his name; that was the natural thing to do, the expected thing.

Probably he saw her as a symbol. The little woman at home, not a living and breathing Polly who was a real and separate person. Even her looks, she thought, were too undramatic. They must have charmed him once, but now that head mirrored in the jug's smooth metal was the head of a country girl without any power of enchantment.

"I wonder," she said suddenly to Hannah, "if I should have cut my hair."

It was long and flaxen, her hair, plaited and wound around her head. Neat, simple, like a rustic *hausfrau*; like something that she was, but like nothing that she wanted to be.

"Your hair's well enough," Hannah snorted. "Why would you be wanting to look like a film star? He wouldn't want you to take him by surprise."

Polly smiled, and tossed her head a little, experimentally, imagining golden curls brushing her shoulders.

"But indeed, I'd love to look like a film star. I'm afraid it wouldn't work, because it's so straight and I couldn't spend half my time journeying to a hairdresser—only you're wrong, of course, about the surprise. I can't think of anything nicer than taking him by surprise."

"I'm not wrong," said Hannah flatly. "He'll be wanting to come back to something he remembers, not something new."

Polly set the jug down in its place, letting it go reluctantly because there was pleasure and comfort in the touch of a thing familiarly her own.

"He's an explorer, Hannah," she said. "His life is dedicated to adventure. I don't believe he could care for anything that left no room for discovery."

Hannah snorted again.

"You talk too grand. Too fanciful, you are—or if that's how it is, then I'm sure it's a pity he took it upon himself to marry you. We did very well without him."

Hannah was privileged through years of devoted service to be impertinent. Polly only gave her a vague smile and wandered out into the garden.

Her loitering in the old garden was not quite aimless. She would have liked to pretend to herself that it was, but she was presently beside the gate in what she knew to be a waiting mood. The smooth car slipped along the road, and the smooth young man who drove it slowed and stopped.

It was not admitted by either as an assignation, but the son of the house at Larchbarrow Manor was likely to be driving past the Old Vicarage at that hour of late afternoon, and Polly was likely to be near her garden gate then, and they were friends of a sort.

Perhaps a rather perilous sort, although Polly at least turned the peril aside as unworthy of thought, and welcomed him for the mitigation of only one crying need, the need for someone to talk to.

"Soon," Rex Willard said, joining her to lean against the gate, "you'll have the conquering hero back again. I don't think I quite believe it."

"I don't think I do, either," said Polly. "I never stop thinking about it, but that doesn't seem to make it any truer. I try to see him here, sharing the house with me, and he refuses to come into the picture. Do you think it may be that in a way I have forgotten him? As a person, I mean. As an idea he's always in my mind—but as a person?"

Rex slipped his hand nearer to hers.

"He's an outsider, really. I don't mean that in any bad sense, but he comes from another world. Because he has no roots here I feel he ought to have no rights. I hate the rights that he has. I hate him for taking you away."

"He didn't take me away."

Polly gave him a rather sad little smile. It was at Larchbarrow Manor that she had met Adrian; that was the only place on her map where she was at all likely to have met anyone of his kind. Equally, it was the only place where she might have expected to find a husband. In Larchbarrow the gossips had coupled her name with Rex Willard's before either of them was out of the schoolroom. Hannah had wanted that, and cherished her disappointment.

"He took you away from *me*."

Polly shook her head.

"Oh, no. It is only lately, long after the event, that you thought of that."

She was sure that she was not in love with Rex. Not at all. But he was familiar.

"The conquering hero," he muttered. "As if mountain peaks were not enough, he must conquer Larchbarrow as well. Will you go to meet him at Southampton, or in London? And have your photograph in the papers sharing his triumph?"

"Certainly not. He told me particularly that he didn't want it. He wants me to stay here, to be here when he comes—after the triumphs and the shouting are over."

"So you're not to be allowed a share of the plaudits. Does he share anything with you at all?"

POLLY plucked one of the honeysuckle flowers which tumbled near the gate, and stroked it against her face.

"I think so. He has written to me when it was possible. I tried to share that monstrous journey with him—from his own rare letters, and from the newspaper accounts and pictures. Only somehow, as they climbed into the snows, he seemed to get more and more remote in ways that have nothing to do with geography.

"We've been so little married, and it was so long ago. Like a dream. Oh, you're right about him belonging to another world. I can't believe that anything will keep him here. He was going to write a book; to stay quietly, and write a book. Would that be enough to hold him, do you think?"

"*You* should be enough to hold him."

Rex looked at her with eyes which made her think, for a moment, that she had some beauty. Then she remembered herself and put up a hand to touch the fair braids which were so unlike a film star's.

"No; because I'm not discoverable. You know those words: 'In the hill-tops where the sun scarce hath trod'—he loved that chorus from Hippolytus and used to quote it, and I always think of Adrian when I say that part to myself. That would always be what he wants. Love in the valley is not for him."

"But that would mean your marriage was over."

"Would it? And it has scarcely begun."

She tucked the honeysuckle into her belt and wiped her hands against her skirt in a gesture which seemed to finish something.

"I don't need to tell you," said Rex, "that it wouldn't come under the heading of bad news as far as I'm concerned."

"Tell me nothing," she said, and moved away from the gate to mark the end of their encounter. "It's always wrong to tell too much."

Rex was in a category with the flowers she passed, the worn step at the front door, the atmosphere of the house. Known, belonging. Yet, unlike them something to be thrust outside. There were other loyalties and it was not she who would break faith.

The telegram announcing Adrian's arrival in the country spurred Hannah to a new frenzy of preparation. The exact moment of his descent upon Larchbarrow was vague; it seemed that all the world greeted the returning expedition except Polly and that such greeting was not quickly over. Polly carried the telegram about with her, feeling it and rereading it to confirm a quite incredible truth. She was idle now, taking no part in Hannah's bustling zeal. She had finished with that; her whole world was suspended in an empty waiting. All she did to deny herself complete inaction was to wash her hair, and go out to dry it in the sun.

When it was nearly dry she sat on the old swing under the apple tree. Her hair fell long and golden over her shoulders; it flew about with her swinging, and recaptured sense came to her that she was flying too, joyously flying through dappled sunshine as she had flown through the long days of her childhood. There was no future and no fear, only a present where happiness was free. A bird sang as if he greeted her as one of his own kind, and Polly sang too with a clear, sweet voice.

She did not hear the car along the road, nor notice that it stopped at the gate. She did not hear, through her blithe singing, footsteps across the grass behind her. He was suddenly there, standing beside the tree. The song died in her throat as he put his hand to the swing's rope, slowing her flight.

"You're here," she whispered foolishly. "Oh, Adrian! I thought there'd be another telegram. I. . . ."

She slipped out of the swing, straight into his arms. It was so easy, after all.

"I'm tired of planned receptions," he said. "I wanted to come quietly, like this. Do you mind?"

She clung to him, half laughing and half crying.

"No—oh, no. Hannah will mind, but not I. You're here, you're real, I can touch you—oh, almost I can believe you've never been away at all. And I was so afraid."

He brushed the hair back from her face with his gentle hands.

"I've been a long way away, my Polly. I've taken mountains in my stride. And none of it matters, because discovery begins here, after all. The apple-tree, the singing and the gold—it's all here, waiting, as old as the mountains and as new as untrodden snow. We're not going to be afraid, either of us, any more."

END

The Apple Tree, The Singing And The Gold

Work A Bit Of Magic

(*Continued from page* 16)

make the set, or perhaps only enough to make the hat and a set of matching buttons.

Cut the pattern in paper, following the measurements given in the diagram. Cut out this in fur and then cut out the pattern in a soft canvas interlining allowing half-inch turnings all round. Attach the fur to the canvas with invisible stitches. Make the centre back seam by sewing the lining together bringing the edges of the fur together so that the join is invisible. Attach the crown in the same way by sewing the two linings together. Turn under the canvas edge at the bottom and neaten with a lining ribbon, or line the hat completely if you want a good professional finish. Work the handbag in the same way, attaching the fur to the interlining and seaming the interlining together, although in this case you will require very stiff canvas or spartra to get the extra stiffness.

END

A Parisian Who Paints With Fur

(*Continued from page* 38)

and the cloud in white calf. Depth of colour is found in the length of the pelt, the closer the fur is clipped the darker the shade. Relief effects are achieved by varying the direction of the hair. Hair running upwards gives a totally different effect to that of hair running downwards.

Imagine the delicacy of touch needed to portray eyes which are composed of ermine for the whites, blue seal or guanaco for blue or brown iris and a pin-head speck in black pony for the retina.

A portrait of Jacqueline Joubert, French television speakerine, comprises at least a thousand tiny sections of fur. A smiling Chevalier has a guanaco complexion, pink sheepskin lips, ermine teeth and a black pony skin jacket with black calf revers. White ermine makes his collar, black pony his tie.

Now master of his hobby, Laroche plans to apply the fur picture technique to fashions. Picture a fur evening stole blooming with images of flowers in their natural colours. Or, perhaps, a gala gown and a fur stole framing the shoulders inlet with a garland of flowers. "*On verra*," Jack Laroche.

END

Make A Good Entrance

(*Continued from page* 28)

Instead of a hall-stand or built-in cupboard, especially in a very narrow hall, the new contemporary shelf-and-hook arrangement in our sketch (on page 28) is decorative and space-saving. A runged shelf of painted metal rod takes hats and supports a series of hooks terminating in brightly coloured wooden knobs.

As well as somewhere for hats and coats, every hall needs a mirror and a table to act as dumb-butler and receive gloves, bags and other belongings. A table, too, gives us a chance to humanize the hall with a bowl of flowers. Where there is no room for a table a flamboyant wall bracket picked up secondhand and fixed below a mirror will serve as well and add a very necessary touch of decoration. Or a simple built-in fitment can be devised to do both the work of a table and part of a hall-stand's job. The one in our sketch is merely a straight-forward box of wood with one end extended by an open frame which takes umbrellas and sticks.

There is no reason why decoratively the hall and staircase should not be as gay and attractive as any part of the house—except that we tend to regard them as the home's poor relations that don't pay for dressing up. But they do, in fact, need decorating as much as the rest of the home.

Groups of prints or plates, a piece of china on a corner bracket in the angle of a wall, growing plants in a trough or hanging baskets: all the tools of decoration that we use unhesitatingly elsewhere will foster the first impression of friendliness and welcome we want our home to give. Growing plants, indeed, are particularly appropriate since the hall is a place of transition from outdoors to indoors.

Prints arranged in "steps" up the staircase wall or in a vertical row at the foot will enliven the dreariest stairs. One whole staircase wall can even be covered with framed prints. We can introduce colour by painting doors a lively red or yellow in contrast to the walls or by picking out door frames, skirtings and hand-rail in strong "accent" colours. We can paint the banisters alternate colours using one colour for the hand-rail. And the walls of even a small hall can be a deep glowing colour provided they are contrasted with plenty of sparkling white paintwork.

Wallpapers with obtrusive patterns that might become wearisome in a living-room are ideal in a hall—but no stripes in a narrow hall. We can change the apparent shape of a small square hall by treating one wall only to a strongly patterned paper or we can create an interesting feature out of an otherwise ordinary fitment by backing it with a panel of paper.

We can turn the merest vestibule into an adventure by covering the back of the front door with vivid felt fixed with brass-headed studs and treating it to a set of brass fittings. Or we can turn a flush door into a rich tapestry of colour by covering it with scraps and cut-outs from magazines rather as our grandparents did their screens.

The basic architecture of many staircases and halls sets a special problem. Because of the well necessary to accomodate the stairs, for example, we are often faced on the way down with a towering expanse of blank wall above the head-space. A horizontal row of prints at the level will distract attention from the bare wall above by giving us something else to think about. Sometimes, too, particularly in older houses, the ceiling over the staircase is uncomfortably high. A dark colour will seem to lower it or it can be papered with a deep-toned wallpaper patterned with silver or white stars.

Perhaps the "hall" is a mere passage? We can widen it by using a pale receding colour like grey for the long walls and bringing the narrow end forward with wallpaper in an advancing colour like red with, by way of added interest, perhaps a trellis pattern of white. In a hall like this the mirror can serve a dual function. For if it is big enough it will double the apparent width of the corridor.

Does the staircase rise straight from a large hall that is virtually a room? Draw a line of demarcation between the two by treating the staircase as a separate entity, perhaps papering it in contrast to the plain walls of the hall. The whole thing will seem less vast and cheerless and it may even be possible to use the hall almost as an extra room—say, as a dining annexe to the living-room.

Perhaps there is no hall at all, but merely a front door leading straight into a living-room as happens in many country cottages? It is not difficult to create an illusion of privacy by a screen that forms a tiny "vestibule," combats draughts and yet does not materially reduce the sense of space. Our sketch shows a simple device of this kind. A set of shelves—facing into the room—supports a series of thick dowel rods (bought for a copper or two a foot) which reach to the ceiling. Up these are trained house plants which make a leafy—and sometimes necessary—barrier to the eye of the inconvenient caller.

END

You Eat Where You Cook

(*Continued from page* 43)

and its sophistication would balance the airy-fairy colouring in the kitchen section.

Eating in the kitchen, whether it is breakfast for two at a counter with tuck-away stools, or a formal dinner in a properly disposed dining section is as cosy as it is practical.

Perhaps kitchen designers, as well as remembering that housewives have only one pair of hands, are also paying nostalgic acknowledgement to the spacious days when dining-rooms that never did warm up properly were kept for company, and the family fed comfortably, down to the last enjoyable crumb, round the kitchen table.

END

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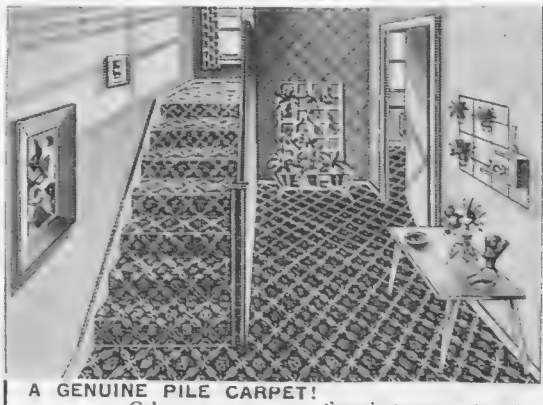

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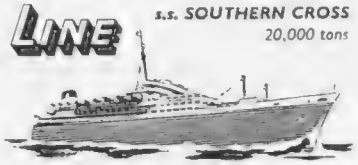

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Loud Is The Rain

(Continued from page 34)

dinner, anyway. Simon will probably stay—he and John are still out on the farm. What time will Nigel be here to pick you up——?"

"About seven," said Nicola.

"Good," said Daphne briskly. "Then I'd better see about an extra place—you must get him to stay——"

She smiled, her hand on the door-knob.

"Womanly curiosity, darling. I'm just dying to meet him, you know. Anyway, see you at dinner. Come down for a drink before it's ready."

When the door had closed behind her, Nicola stood for a moment by the bed. Then she went slowly across to the window again and looked out.

The copse was almost invisible now in the gathering dusk, and it looked lonely and rather sinister. And, for no reason at all, she thought suddenly of all the birds that she had heard singing in it this morning, and imagined them now, cowering down in their nests, the mothers spreading their wings over the naked young, waiting for the storm to break.

She leaned forward until her hot forehead rested against the coolness of the window-pane, and just wished suddenly that she could go away, anywhere, do anything to rid herself of the ache and strain within her.

As she came down the stairs before dinner she saw that the sun had broken through its smothering clouds for a moment, and its sullen orange glow was streaming through the oriel window, leaving the hall in thick and contrasting darkness. But there was a comforting pool of light from the lounge door, and when she went in she found John and Daphne already there, standing in front of the mirror.

Daphne was patting her husband's coat-collar.

"There, darling," she said comfortingly as Nicola entered. "You look very nice now."

John grunted, and hunched his neck up and down in the manner of a tortoise. Then, catching sight of Nicola in the mirror, he hailed her :

"Hey, Nickie, can't you do anything with this wife of mine? Just because this dress-man of yours is coming she's forced me to put on a blue suit and a stiff collar——"

"Don't listen to him, dear," said Daphne, giving an exasperated tug at the back of his jacket. "Only a man could make such a fuss over taking off a baggy old Harris tweed suit for once——"

"Yes," interrupted John, "but supposing I have to go out on the farm in this get-up?"

"Then pull on your big rubber boots," said his wife tartly, mistress of the situation as always. "Now stop acting like a bear, for you're just a woolly lamb—and go and get Nicola a drink——"

John sighed, and hunched deeply again.

"What'll you have, Nick? Some sherry?"

Nicola nodded, and he went over to a low table to get it for her, while his wife disappeared towards the kitchen. As he poured it he said, without turning round :

"Leaving us again, are you, Nick?"

"Yes," she replied, and she was surprised at the flatness of her voice. "It's been a lovely week, but now I've got to get back to work——"

John came back across the lounge and handed her the drink. Then, having lit cigarettes for both of them, he perched his big frame on the arm of a chair and considered.

"Well," he said finally, "I hope you know what you're doing, m'dear."

The look in his eyes was the same as she had seen in Daphne's in the bedroom. But now, instead of irritating her, it brought a sting of tears to her eyes.

John saw it, and the silence that followed would probably have become embarrassing to both of them if it had not been for the sound of a car on the gravel outside.

"Hallo," said John, putting down his drink. "Sounds like Simon's Landrover. Better go and let him in."

LEFT alone, Nicola lay back in the chair for a moment and closed her eyes. It suddenly seemed a very long day now, from that moment in the garden this morning when she had told Simon that she was going back to town for good. Remembering the look on his face, she shivered, although the air in the room was becoming more close and sticky every minute, and restrained in herself a wild impulse to flee from the room rather than face him again.

As her body tensed in the chair, she heard the men's voices in the hall. They were already deep in farm talk, disagreeing over some new type of reaper fitment, but disagreeing as farmers do everywhere, slowly, deeply and without heat.

"Won't work, I tell you," said John. "Too heavy."

"Anyway," came Simon's voice, "let's go and see."

And then Daphne, indignantly :

"Where are you two off to now?"

"Back in a minute, dear." This from John, consolingly but vaguely. "Business."

The shutting of a door prevented any further discussion.

A second later Daphne, changed and fresh, came into the lounge shaking her head disgustedly.

"Men!" she said. "Really, they are the limit." She laughed, ruefully. "If I ask John what he thinks of the frock I've just bought, he looks at me as if I were a child that needed humouring, peers at it and then says vaguely : 'Umm. Very nice, dear.' And if I asked him the colour ten minutes later he wouldn't know—he'd just look

hurt. But when he brought that new combine back from the agricultural show he dragged me out in the rain at ten o'clock at night to give me a lecture and a demonstration."

She laughed again, but there was warmth in the laughter, warmth and contentment.

"Still, I didn't understand one tenth of what he was saying, so I suppose we're quits."

Then, with a change of tone:

"Anything wrong, darling? You're terribly quiet."

"Wrong," said Nicola, and she was conscious of the high-pitched brittleness of her voice. "No, no. Just my headache—this rotten weather, I told you——"

She put down her drink, and wandered restlessly across to the open window. It faced the opposite way to her bedroom, and she could see one lurid streak of sunlight still rifting through the clouds. The air was so still that she could hear voices away down in the farmyard, and in the garden outside she saw that the early spring flowers were drooping their heads, melancholy and motionless. As she watched, she heard the first menacing note of the thunder, distant but ominous.

She shivered again, and then, aware that Daphne must be watching her, straightened her shoulders and braced herself to turn round. But as she did so she knew that the smile on her face was stretching the skin tightly over her cheekbones for all to see.

If Daphne saw, she made no remark. Instead she said:

"Well, I'm off to see about dinner. You can amuse yourself here."

Amuse yourself, thought Nicola cynically. You mean go and sketch a few more of your precious dresses.

She lay down in the chair again, and closed her eyes, grateful for the peace and sense of being alone.

BUT as her body relaxed, she only became more and more aware of the weariness inside her mind. She could neither doze nor force her mind into thought. Instead, she only became conscious of a slackening grip on reality, of finding that she couldn't really be bothered to care about anything any more, that she just wanted to drift and be undisturbed.

There was a swish of tyres on the gravel, and then the sound of a car stopping.

Nigel, she thought tiredly. I'd better go and let him in.

With a conscious effort she forced herself up out of the chair.

When she opened the door, he was standing with a huge bunch of flowers under his arm.

"Hallo," he said casually. "And how are you?"

It was an unnecessary question, for as he came in his eyes were probing her face, ruthless as always.

"You look tired-out, my sweet," he said. It was a flat statement, dispassionate and correct.

Something flared up inside her at his words.

"Aren't the women in your world ever allowed to look tired, Nigel?" she said angrily. "Or human?"

He was unperturbed.

"Beautiful women must always look beautiful," he said. "It's my job to see that they do."

He bent his head and kissed her lightly, and went on calmly.

"And you're beautiful, darling."

As she felt his lips brush hers, she wanted suddenly to fling herself into his arms and say: Nigel, I'm tired and I'm lost—take me away and comfort me——

And wondered, with a kind of detached and weary cynicism, whether he would swiftly sketch her a marvellous dress to comfort her.

The door opened and Daphne came into the hall.

"Oh, darling——" she said, and stopped.

"Daphne," said Nicola, "I'd like to introduce Nigel. Nigel Hartmayne. Nigel, my sister Daphne Trefusis——"

Nigel bowed, and was just handing the flowers to Daphne with a murmur when the outer door opened and John and Simon came in. And as Nicola introduced them too, she noted in a remote kind of way that there were blue circles under Simon's eyes that she hadn't noticed this morning, and she thought: he hasn't been sleeping well lately.

On John's face she saw only curiosity, curiosity to meet a man who could earn his living in such a peculiar way as designing women's clothes. Noticed, too, the wifely warning look that Daphne threw at him, and of which he was blissfully unaware.

Yet, when they were all seated having a drink, it was John, curiously enough, who engaged Nigel in casual, pleasant conversation. Daphne, although she had so much self-possession as mistress of her own house, was just a little over-awed, and rather quiet.

And Simon. Simon just sat, his lean dark head cocked at its usual angle, relaxed and courteous, but detached, quite remote from them all.

It's not real any more, she thought suddenly. I am, but they're not. It was as though she were looking at them through a plate-glass window, through which she could see them quite clearly, but which shut her off completely from them. She knew she was being very rude, sitting and saying nothing, but she felt so far away that she doubted whether anything she said would have reached them.

And the same feeling persisted throughout dinner. She was aware of the low-ceilinged dining-room, of the casual hum of conversation from the others, of the candles on the table. But it still had that dream-like feeling about it—of something real and yet completely foreign, something intensely familiar and yet unutterably strange.

The only reality in the room, the only solid and graspable thing was the window. With a sort of tense and childish eagerness she watched it, saw the clouds turning from violet to black, massing until the rectangle of the window was jet against the white of the surrounding walls.

(*Continued on page* 68)

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At last the rectangle turned silver-green with the first flash of lightning, and the muttering thunder swelled into rebellion at last.

"Hallo," said John, breaking off the conversation, "storm's broken at last."

In the hush that followed, Simon's head turned quickly towards the window, and Nicola thought: He's been waiting, too.

THEN the rain came: first a few scattered drops, and then a gentle patter which soon swelled to a steady drumming roar, violent in its release.

She was conscious of a sudden feeling of liberation, and in her mind's eye she saw the drooping flowers in the garden beginning to lift their tired heads again. She was so intent on the noise of the rain, the rolling of the thunder, and the occasional eerie lighting-up of the window that she lost track of the conversation altogether. It was only Nigel's speaking her name which brought her back with a start.

"Yes," he was saying, "Nicola's my most valuable asset. The only woman I know who can not only design clothes, but wear them to perfection, too. By the way"—he was speaking to her directly now—"we're going to do the dresses for that new film. They were greatly impressed by your sketches——"

Sketches, thought Nicola vaguely. She said:

"How wonderful. I thought we might do it."

The voice, the appropriate remark, seemed to have come of their own volition, as though she herself had had nothing to do with it.

She was aware that Nigel was looking at his watch.

"Darling," he said, "I hate to seem rude, but it's after eight o'clock, and it will take us at least three hours to get up to town—even more in this rain——"

"But you can't go without some coffee," expostulated Daphne. Then, as she saw Nigel's difficulty—"Oh, I'm sorry—John, be a darling and get Nick's bags down for her——"

The moment that Nicola had been dreading inwardly had arrived—the moment of saying goodbye. But it was not as bad as she had expected. Just like four normal people saying normal farewells.

"'Bye, darling," said Daphne, giving her a kiss and a quick hug. "I'll come up to town soon and we'll have a shopping weekend together. And don't forget to write——"

"'Bye, Nick," said John, and she saw again the heart-warming kindness in his eyes.

And Simon looked down at her, bowed slightly, and said gravely:

"Goodbye, my dear, and good luck."

As if she were a schoolgirl going away to school for the first time.

Then she found herself in the car, waving at the three figures silhouetted in the doorway, as Nigel let out the clutch and the big Bentley glided off down the drive.

"Well," said Nigel calmly, "we're off."

HE was only a vague figure in the gloom, sitting easily and competently behind the wheel. He had switched on the headlamps, and Nicola became aware that the nature of the rain had changed. The first violence had died away, and it was falling more gently now, pattering comfortingly against the windscreen.

"I couldn't say very much back there," he went on. "But this new film is going to be quite something for you, my sweet. They're quite impressed by your preliminaries Siebell rang me yesterday——"

Clothes, she thought. Things to wear, to keep you warm and dry. And lovely. Important. But not so important as certainty, as happiness, as love. Very unimportant, indeed, when you hadn't any of these. And she had thought to find them in Nigel's world. But Nigel wasn't interested in her doubts and speculations—only in her work. He knew exactly what his life was, as did Daphne, and John, and Simon. And her life? Did she really care about clothes all that much, in comparison to some other things?

Loud Is The Rain

Suddenly she found that she was crying. Like the rain, she thought. Washing away the heat and the strain, cooling, and giving life.

"So we'll drop over and see them tomorrow morning," Nigel was saying. "You haven't anything else on, have you? I want——"

"Stop, Nigel," she said suddenly, and with such urgency that he jammed his foot on the brake and the car jerked to a halt.

"What's wrong, darling?" he said. "Forget something?"

"I'm sorry, Nigel," she said. "I've got to go back——"

He sensed by her tone what she meant.

"Go back?" he echoed, taken unawares for once. "But Nicola——"

"No," she said. "No, Nigel. Please."

She groped for words to explain to him, for though her mind was clear at last, she was still terribly tired.

"I've been trying for so long now to—to find some bedrock for my life. And of course I couldn't—all I've done is to run away from them. I belong here, Nigel. This is twenty-one years of me, and all you've known is three. I don't really fit in with you. It's not so much a question of going back as of never having been really away. Please understand. Please, and let me go."

"You're tired, my darling, and overwrought," he said, but she heard the sharp edge to his voice. "We'll——"

"No," she said. "I'm going back."

HE sat quite still behind the wheel, staring out at the gentle rain, and she could see the tightness at the corner of his mouth, the tenseness of his hands on the wheel. Then at last he said curtly:

"All right. I'll take you back."

But when he got to the entrance of the drive she made him stop.

"I'll walk the rest," she said.

"Walk the rest!" he echoed her. Then, trying to keep the irritation out of his voice: "Don't be silly, Nicola, you'll get soaked—and your case——"

But somehow it was dreadfully important that she should go back alone.

"No," she said, and she got out of the car, lifting the suitcase and her dispatch-case after her. When he saw that she meant it, Nigel seemed to lose the last shreds of his patience.

"Oh look, Nicola," he said, with the nearest approach to ordinary human exasperation that she had ever heard in his voice. "This is ridiculous—stop acting like a child and get back into the car——"

"No, Nigel," she said. "I'm not a child any more—I've grown up at last."

At the certainty and the finality in her voice he was silent. Then he said:

"Well then, there seems to be nothing I can say or do. Except to say goodbye—and good luck."

"Goodbye, Nigel," she said. "And thank you so much for everything."

When the tail-light of the car had disappeared round the bend she threw back her head and took a deep breath of the clean fresh air. The rain was perceptibly thinning now, and as she started up the drive she was filled with a sense of exultation by the coolness and sweetness of the night.

When she finally reached the house she was dripping wet, but she saw that the clouds had broken over on the horizon, and the first stars were beginning to glisten through.

She opened the door, and walked in. The others had gone, but Simon was sitting in the hall, his elbows on his knees, staring tiredly and sadly into some bleak world of his own.

"Simon," she said.

He looked up, and saw her in the doorway, her hair clinging dark and wet against her head. For a moment he stared incredulously, and she saw in his eyes a flicker that almost dared to hope.

"Simon," she said. "Simon darling. I've—I've come home."

And then she was in his arms.

END

How I Would Style Your Hair

(*Continued from page 51*)

have had created, and cover it with a hair net, then the steam from your bath will set it. Leave the hair net on until the last possible moment, then comb out the hair and spray on a perfumed hair lacquer to fix it. In this way, you can keep a set perfectly between visits to the hairdresser.

Choosing a suitable hair style and keeping it, takes extra time and trouble, but I believe it is well worth it. Let me help you by sending a style guide which you can take to your own hairdresser to have carried out. If you complete the chart below I can then devise a style guide to suit you. You will have to study your reflection with scientific detachment, if the chart is to be honest and accurate. But I always work that way, and I would study your appearance quite objectively if you came to me for a personal consultation in my salon. Only this way can we together arrive at a hair style in true harmony with your appearance and your personality.

To obtain your Free Hair-Style Guide

Fill in this chart and send it with a clear photograph of yourself together with a stamped and addressed envelope to RAYMOND, c/o Chrysis, BRITANNIA AND EVE, *Ingram House,* 195 *Strand, W.C.*2.

Miss/Mrs .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

OCCUPATION .....

AGE : Teenager 20-30 30-40 40-50 over 50

APPEARANCE :

Full face : Long Round Heart-shaped Square

Profile :

Nose : Retrousse Straight Prominent Average

Chin : Receding Heavy Average

Neck : Long Short Average

Forehead : Low High Average .

Please note here any characteristic features : (receding chin, low forehead, etc.)

Talking Of Books

(*Continued from page 35*)

able to study Sir James in sunshine and shadow—happy with friends and at cricket, ill and depressed in his later years, particularly over *The Boy David* Bergner flop towards the end. We are shown him absently striding out of a room *before* the Duke of York (George VI), using phrases of little Princess Margaret's in *David*, telling her she shall have a penny royalty on each performance, and drawing up a legal agreement thereto! I prize this book for its rare insight into a man who had more kinship with the dark wood of *Dear Brutus* than with the moonshine of *Peter Pan*.

Another admirable study in tune with its subject is Kurt Singer's **"The Charles Laughton Story"** (Hale 15s.) which presents every side of a complex career and personality. This son of a Scarborough hotelier seemed to have little—or too much !—to fit him for acting, yet he has excelled in rôles as diverse as Henry VIII, Rembrandt, Captain Bligh, gangster Perelli, Mr. Barrett, Ruggles, and now stumps the States reciting Shakespeare, Dickens and the Lord's Prayer. Not the least diverting part of the story is his married partnership with Elsa Lanchester.

What most matters in Anita Leslie's **"The Fabulous Leonard Jerome"** (Hutchinson, 21s.) is that the daughter of this U.S. titan was Sir Winston's mother. Lawyer, press boss, diplomat, music-lover, sportsman, he founded the American Jockey Club, made and spent fortunes, loved wine and woman, and spread himself abundantly in the New York life of the past century. (*Continued on page 70*)

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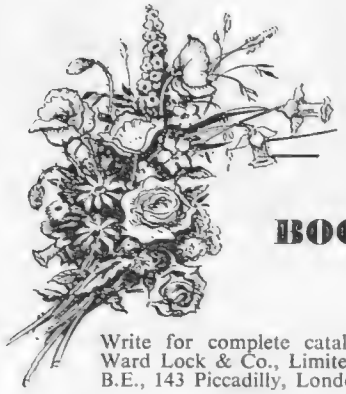

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When child Winston was born to daughter Jenny and her husband Lord Randolph Churchill a racing friend of the family wrote: "Interesting breeding, stamina goes through the dam, and pace through the sire." The book is certainly a lively study of lusty ancestry.

W. Macqueen-Pope's was stolidly Victorian, and he gives an intimate picture of it in **"Back Numbers"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), a happy retrospect in the mood of *Twenty Shillings In The Pound*. Here are the days beyond compare and recall, the social history in journals buried in box room—and in the doting heart—with far-off memories of his own courtship and early marriage. He is inimitable at evoking the good time when a guinea bought a case comprising three bottles of port, one of sherry, three of Old Scotch Whisky, one of gin, one of brandy and three of claret!

How many people today assume that *couturier* Worth was French? Actually he was a Lincolnshire lad who went to Swan & Edgar's at twelve as counter assistant, trained for seven years, arrived in Paris with £5, created his first models for Gagelin & Opigez in the fashionable rue de Richelieu, and in due time became *couturier* to the Empress Eugénie. Edith Saunders's **"The Age Of Worth"** (Longmans, 18s.), gives an excellent account of his life period.

Men may be more interested in Hans Hass's **"Men And Sharks"** (Jarrolds, 15s.), the story of a skin-diving, filming expedition in Greek coastal waters after he had completed *Diving To Adventure*. It abounds in thrilling encounters with shark, octopus and other creatures and tells us what it feels like to glide seventy feet down under the sea.

As a novelist reacting to the pulse of our time Frank Tilsley is almost stop-press. **"Brother Nap"** (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) is more the story of brother Ted, an ex-miner Labour M.P., who helps to build the Welfare State, gets tangled in its red tape, sees his ambitions frustrated, and after losing a loyal wife, returns to the pit. There are faults in character and construction, but I found the tale as a whole compelling in its contemporary realism.

I don't know if the novelist strangely named Brent of Bin Bin is regarded as Australia's No. 1, but he seems to have built up a well-merited reputation. **"Cockatoos"** (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.) is a muscular story of farming folk in the Oswald's Ridges country and of a girl who reacts from her family through musical ambition. "She plays the dull stuff without a tune," says her sister. "Father says he would as soon have the tune the old cow died of." Ignez, who also shocks neighbours by riding astride in a skirt and reads Mill's *Subjection Of Women*, is a dynamic character well drawn against a broad, vital background.

Berkeley Square was a meeting of lovers across two centuries — Graham McInnes makes it four in **"Lost Island"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), for when Canadian meteorologist Ryan lands on it as sole survivor of a Pacific air crash he finds there an Elizabethan father and daughter who are literally timeless, immortal. He loves the girl, tries to prepare her to face his twentieth century, should rescue arrive. When it does, a volcanic upheaval terminates a far-fetched fantasy touched with a beguiling idyll.

There is nothing idyllic about Peter Freuchen's **"The Law of Larion"** (Evans 12s. 6d.). Larion, the last great Alaskan Indian chief, fights with spear and battle club, abducts his woman caveman style. His saga is written with stark simplicity.

Christmas should be a time for shelving, not solving family problems, but the Barlows, both writers, get a stocking full of them in Hebe Elsna's **"The Season's Greetings"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.). Luckily, Lucy Barlow, in her dealings with grown-up children and in-laws, is the kind of mother who earns this tribute from her spouse: "When she gets down to work on a job, things happen."

When a bridegroom is injured in a car crash *en route* to the South of France there's no reason why it should make him boorish and jealously possessive, whining to his bride that she's "gallivanting all round St. Tropez." It's the way to drive her into the arms of another—and does in Joan Pepper's **"Fly Away Paul"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). The new love is hectically intense, in the vein of ". . . . dragging my eyes heavy-lidded and aching I looked into his eyes and knew that I loved him completely," and she actually has a child called Little Willy. Are you listening, Mrs Henry Wood?

Quebec in the pioneering days of the 1837-88 rebellion is the background to Kathleen Earle's **"Lostwood Lodge"** (Blackwood, 12s. 6d.), with a rebel's daughter the heroine of stirring historical romance.

No slick sleuth is Det.-Inspector Martineau in Maurice Proctor's **"Hell Is A City"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), but a very human guy who likes whisky, has domestic problems, and wants his wife to have kids. How could he fail to be real when his author was himself a policeman for nineteen years? Here he emerges from a girl-murder hunt and roof shoot-up as Chief Inspector, promotion the reader will gratefully endorse.

END

Idling In The Sun

(*Continued from page 49*)

takes in Rome, Naples, Alexandria, Cairo and Athens. The first-class fare starts at £101, the tourist at £58. There are only two classes.

On August 27 the Chusan sails from Southampton, on a twenty-one days' trip to Naples, Athens, Beirut, Rhodes, Barcelona and Vigo. From Beirut in Syria it is hoped that an excursion will be arranged to Damascus and to the ruins of Baalbek.

On August 16, the Arcadia sails from Southampton to Lisbon, Malaga, Teneriffe and Casablanca. Excursions are laid on at every port for all three ships, but they are so arranged to give the passenger two days' rest between each. The idea is to make the holiday as restful as it is interesting.

If you have leisure enough you can spend ten or eleven weeks in an extremely comfortable Scandinavian freighter taking eight or twelve passengers for as little as £130. Tips on this kind of ship are only expected to be about five per cent of the fare, drinks are cheap and cigarettes cost 1s. 6d. for twenty-five.

As with all Scandinavian ships, the extra British Travel Allowance of £250 for Norway, Sweden and Denmark comes into operation leaving £100 Standard British Travel Allowance unaffected. But remember, freighters often do not leave or arrive on schedule, so you must have time to spare. One particular ship travels round the Mediterranean and may tie up at, for example, Istanbul for as long as ten days. A certificate of smallpox vaccination is usually required by all passengers on ships touching eastern Mediterranean ports.

But few of us, alas, have so much time to spare and shorter voyages in ships running to a strict time schedule and equipped solely for passenger service though more costly than this are, on the whole, cheaper than a holiday of equivalent length ashore. Anyway with endless hours of sunshine to bask in, one tends to spend less on entertainment.

Nothing seems quite so restful as a sea voyage, and to look back on the sunny harbours of the Canaries, or on magnificent sunsets in the Aegean is to build up an insurance of happy memories. Most of us at this moment are feeling the effects of a sunless summer and winter; why not, therefore, sail into the certain sunshine of Madeira? The Bergen Line's popular M.S. Venus, now fitted with stabilizer fins which ensure steadiness, carries about 260 passengers (first class only), which affords maximum attendance and service. Film shows, deck games and an excellent dance orchestra provide varied entertainment. Three days out from Plymouth brings you to Funchal, Madeira, and the next day the Venus reaches Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, 250 miles farther south. Round voyage fares are from £60 in a double or single cabin.

In February the strawberries are ripe in Funchal so why not break your journey there or at Santa Cruz? Excellent accommodation with all meals, can be had for ten or eleven days from about ten to twenty guineas. Reid's famous luxury hotel and the quieter but comfortable New Avenue Hotel both in Funchal, are British owned and therefore able to offer special currency arrangements. On Teneriffe the charming village of Puerto de la Cruz lies in what well may be the most beautiful surroundings in the world. It has a fine swimming pool and there is tennis at the English Club. It has excellent hotels and is essentially more Spanish than Madeira.

By the beginning of May Venus and her sister ship, Leda, will be maintaining a bi-weekly service between Newcastle and Bergen to connect with the coastal steamers running between that lovely old fishing port and Kirkenes on Norway's frontier with Russia. This is a most fascinating cruise as there are forty ports of call, twenty-seven of which are visited on the journey north and the remaining thirteen on the way back. The trip takes twelve days to Bergen. All these ports—only slightly larger than villages—are interesting and the fjords are wildly beautiful; the grim majesty of North Cape is tempered by the midnight sun.

Fares from May to June 5 are first class £59, £54 in two berth cabins and £52 in a four to eight berth cabin, Newcastle to Newcastle. From June 5 to the end of August they are £79, £71 and £66 respectively.

This spring the Bergen Line's new one-class ship, the M.S. Meteor, comes into service and will cruise between Newcastle and the Northern Capitals and Newcastle and the fjords and North Cape. Fares will be from £85 to £105, according to length of cruise.

If you love the sea and just being in a ship, a voyage from Tilbury to Casablanca and back via Rottendam is a tip. This round trip is in a Dutch freighter carrying six to twelve passengers in double outside cabins. The departures are usually on Saturdays from Tilbury and Monday or Tuesday from Rotterdam according to the loading of the cargo. Occasionally two single cabins are available. The voyage lasts approximately three weeks Tilbury to Tilbury and costs £55, including one or two days in a hotel in Rotterdam, where meals are included. The ship usually calls only at Casablanca and for this no visa is necessary though you may, of course, land there. The amount taken from the British Standard Travel Allowance, as this is a Dutch ship, is between three and five guineas. But be warned, this is not a ship to sail in if you are on a diet. The food—and in the Rotterdam hotel—is exceptionally good.

About clothes, some shipping companies will tell you that dressing for dinner in the first class is usual *every* night, but don't take this too literally. On gala nights perhaps, but on other nights it is not so essential.

Do take dark glasses, plenty of good anti-sunburn cream and at least one pair of flat, comfortable shoes; these are not only for deck use but for scrambling over stoney paths on excursions. And even if you are heading for a hot climate like Athens in high summer, take a light wool coat because if the meltema blows it can be cold at night in the Aegean.

Visas are required if you wish to go ashore at an Egyptian port. Endorsements on passports are required for Lebanon, Syria and French possessions overseas such as Algeria, Morocco, etc. These endorsements can be obtained through one of the passport offices or any office of the Ministry of Labour. The Egyptian Consulate, 26 South Street, London, W.1, will supply a visa, but please don't leave it till the last moment!

(The freighter voyages are arranged by Informal Travels, 45 Queens Way, Bayswater. BAY 1592. They are extremely good and entirely reliable.)

END

Wuthering Heights

(*Continued from page 48*)

of terrific slaps on the side of her head," leaving her "perfectly bewildered." Finally Catherine, desperate to see her dying father, promised she would marry Linton if she could return immediately afterwards to Thrushcross Grange.

Edgar died and was buried by his wife's side. Catherine was forced to return to Wuthering Heights after the funeral. There, Linton dying shortly afterwards, she kept to her own room as much as she could. "Heathcliff went up once, to show her Linton's will. He had bequeathed the whole of his, and what had been her, movable property to his father; the poor creature was threatened, or coaxed, into that act during her week's absence, when his uncle died . . . The lands he claimed and kept in his wife's right. Catherine, destitute of cash and friends, cannot disturb his possession."

But Catherine had a friend at Wuthering Heights, though in her despair she could not bring herself to recognize it. Hareton had fallen in love with her, but got nothing but cold snubs for his pains, until he could stand it no longer and gave up trying to help her.

So they were when Lockwood first called at Wuthering Heights on that winter's day in 1801.

The story was soon to end. For Heathcliff, vengeance on the Earnshaw and Linton families was nearly complete, the only survivors virtual slaves in his household. The taste of vengeance was becoming the taste of emptiness. Despite themselves, Catherine and Hareton found their animosity concealed a dawning love. And Heathcliff, looking at them, could see nothing but his own Cathy's eyes staring at him from the cousins' faces—and could not bear them near him, though all at once he no longer wanted to hurt them. . . .

In this way a year passed and all the time it seemed that Heathcliff himself was suddenly aware that his own end was near. The bitterness of hate had left him, and the voice of Cathy, dead twenty years, filled his mind incessantly.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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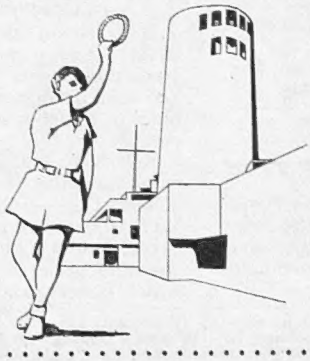

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So it was that one day Lockwood, visiting the Heights again, found a garden where all had been bare earth, homely comfort where squalor had reigned, and the voices of Hareton and Catherine in playful talk. Heathcliff had been dead three months and the shadow had gone from Wuthering Heights.

Once more Ellen Dean filled in the gaps in the Earnshaw-Linton story. No sickness had attacked Heathcliff—rather an ever-growing sense of the long-dead Cathy's nearness had filled his mind and paralysed his ability to do or feel anything, to eat or to sleep. "When I went from home, I hastened to return: she *must* be somewhere at the Heights. And when I slept in her chamber—I was beaten out of that. I couldn't lie there; for the moment I closed my eyes, she was either outside the window or sliding back the panels, or even resting her darling head on the same pillow; and I must open my lids to see."

So it had been through the long years since Cathy's death. The desperation of a tortured mind had even driven him to Cathy's grave to dig in desperation—"I'll have her in my arms again! If she be cold, I'll think it is this north wind that chills *me*; and if she be motionless, it is sleep"—until the spade scraped the coffin. "It seemed that I heard a sigh . . . the warm breath of it displacing the sleet-laden wind . . . I relinquished my labour of agony, and turned consoled. Her presence was with me. . . ."

Then one wet evening they saw the window of his room swinging wildly, and the door was locked when they tried it. With another key Ellen Dean entered and saw Heathcliff, "laid on his back, his face and throat washed with rain. 'I tried to close his eyes. They would not shut, they seemed to sneer at my attempts: and his parted lips and sharp white teeth sneered, too.'" Heathcliff, master of Wuthering Heights and Thrushcross Grange, was dead.

And Catherine and Hareton were to be happy together at last.

They buried Heathcliff as he had desired on the slope next the moor by the graves of Cathy and her husband, Edgar . . . But the country folk swore that Heathcliff walked yet. And Ellen met a boy with a sheep and two lambs who was crying terribly:

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'There's Heathcliff and a woman, yonder, under t'nab,' he blubbered, 'un' I darnut pass 'em.'"

END

Two New Sweater Lines

(*Continued from pages 52, 53*)

SUIT IN NAVY AND WHITE

THE COLLAR

Using the No. 10 needles and commencing at left shoulder seam before joining, pick up 1 st. into each to front (= 24 sts.); slip the 27 sts. at front on to needle, pick up 24 sts. on other side of neck, slip the 47 from back of neck on to needle (= 122 sts.); now pick up an extra st. to make 123 in all for the rib. Then rib as for lower edge for 56 rows, cast off *loosely* in rib.

THE SKIRT

Using the navy wool and No. 6 needles, cast on the thumb loop and k. through method, 115 sts.

1st row.—(Sl. 1 knitways, p. 1) to ending sl. 1 knitways.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—(Sl. 1 purlways, k. 1) to ending sl. 1 purlways.

4th row.—P.

These 4 rows complete the patt.; rep. them for length required less 8 in.

Continuing in patt., dec. at each end of the next, then every 4th row until 85 sts. remain.

Complete length required, less 1 in. for waist ribbing.

Rib 18 rows on the No. 10 needles as follows:

1st row.—(k. 1, p. 1) to ending k. 1.

2nd row.—(p. 1, k. 1) to ending p. 1.

Cast off *loosely* in rib.

Work another piece likewise.

Join side seams, leaving 8 in. of opening to left side.

Sew in petersham, to waist; then attach the zip.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders and sides including under sleeve seam.

Join collar and attach cuffs evenly and neatly.

Press under a damp cloth and warm iron.

THE SWEATER COAT

Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 p. rows.

Next row.—K.

Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 68 sts. and work 9 rows st.st.

Next row.—Cast on 20 sts., p. to end, working into backs of cast-on sts.

Work 10 rows st.st.

Next row.—* K. first st. tog. with corresponding st. from cast-on edge; rep. from * to last 20 sts., k. 20.

Complete to match right front, omitting buttonholes and reversing all shapings.

THE BACK

Cast on 144 sts. and work 20 rows st.st.

Next row.—Turn up hem as on fronts.

Continue in st.st. for 41 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every following 20th row until 134 sts. remain. Continue on 134 sts. until back measures the same as fronts to armhole shaping.

Shape Armholes.—Take 2 tog. at beg. of the next 5 k. rows (124 sts.). Continue until armholes measure the same as fronts to shoulder shaping.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 54 sts. and work 20 rows st.st.

Next row.—Turn up hem as on fronts.

Continue in st.st., inc. at beg. and end of the 10th and every following 6th row until 68 sts. are on needle.

Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until 126 sts. are on needle.

Shape Top.—Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of the next 5 k. rows.

Cast off.

THE COLLAR

Using single "Ramada" (one ball only), cast on 136 sts.

Work 16 rows st.st.

Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of the next 8 alternate rows (120 sts.).

Take 2 tog. at beg. and end of the next 6 rows (108 sts.).

Next row.—Cast off 3 sts., work to last 2 sts., take 2 tog.

Rep. last row 5 times (84 sts.).

Next row.—Cast on 3 sts., work to last st., inc. into st.

Rep. last row 5 times (108 sts.).

Inc. at beg. and end of the next 6 rows (120 sts.).

Inc. at beg. and end of the next 8 alternate rows (136 sts.).

Work 15 rows st.st. Cast off.

Fold collar in half and join side edges tog. on wrong side.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side of work, using a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join shoulders. Turn 10 sts. of borders on fronts to inside and sew down the hem edges on wrong side. Turn to right side and slip stitch borders up fronts, sewing cast-off edges tog. at neck.

Press, and sew double buttonholes tog. Sew sleeves into armholes. Join side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Turn collar to right side. Sew fur neatly round the edge. Cut six squares of fur. Place right over front of button mould. Press back part of mould into place, catching edges of fur inside. Sew collar to neck, leaving 5 sts. free on each front. Sew on buttons. Finally, tack Parapad shoulder pads into top of sleeves, down shoulder seam to give a neat tailored finish.

END

Cookery

(*Continued from page 56*)

and another five to prepare the vegetables.

Here's how: using a coarse mincer. Peel and chop an onion. Put on one side of a plate. Then coarsely mince 1 lb. carrots and 1 lb. potatoes—you can do these together. Melt two teaspoons fat in the open pan, lightly brown onion. Add a tablespoonful flour and mix well. Then add the minced potatoes and carrots, salt, pepper and two pints water. Cover, bring to pressure and cook for four minutes. Reduce the pressure under cold water to zero, open the cooker, pour soup into serving bowls, sprinkle with parsley and serve. What could be simpler?

And here is a really good goulash for a special if hurried occasion.

Ingredients:—1 lb. veal or 1 lb. beef, cut into small cubes; 2 tablespoons bacon fat; 1 large onion, sliced; 1 teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; ½ teaspoon paprika; ½ bay leaf; ½ teaspoon marjoram; 4 carrots, sliced; 2 turnips, sliced; 1 green pepper, shredded; 2 cups water

Melt bacon fat in bottom of pressure cooker, brown meats. Add remaining ingredients. Cover cooker, bring to pressure and cook for fifteen minutes. Reduce pressure quickly under cold water. Enough for four people.

As a busy woman, I have evolved a system combining the uses of pressure and vacuum cookery. Never heard of vacuum cookery? Well, it's an extension of the haybox principle—the fireless cooker, which looks after itself, cooks to perfection, and uses no fuel at all, which is very comforting to the thrifty soul, and makes the more extravagant feel thoroughly virtuous. All you need is a wide-mouthed vacuum jar. I cook porridge overnight in it; it is ready for breakfast in the morning, and good enough for any Scotsman. Or I start a stew before leaving for work, and just dish it up when I return at night. Prunes and similar dried fruit can be left to look after themselves all day—they will not overcook, but will be beautifully tender and full of flavour. So with soups like Scotch Broth and others which, in my opinion, require long, slow simmering.

For porridge you just mix the oats in the ordinary way, bring to the boil in a saucepan, stirring. Then, *while still boiling*, it must be poured into the vacuum jar, which has been previously warmed by rinsing with hot water. Put the cork in *at once*, clamp the lid down, and leave it to look after itself.

This is my vacuum jar recipe for Scotch Broth. Cut up ½ lb. scrag of mutton, dice one carrot, one onion, one turnip and shred a few leaves of cabbage. Blanch a tablespoonful pearl barley. Put meat, vegetables and barley in a pan with 1¼ pints water, add salt and pepper, bring to the boil and cook for five minutes only. Pour into the warmed vacuum jar while still boiling, cover at once, and leave to stew in its own juice, as it were, till you are ready for it. When serving, sprinkle each plateful with chopped fresh parsley.

These are just a few ideas for saving time. Now I leave you to cope with the problem of what to do with the time you've saved!

END

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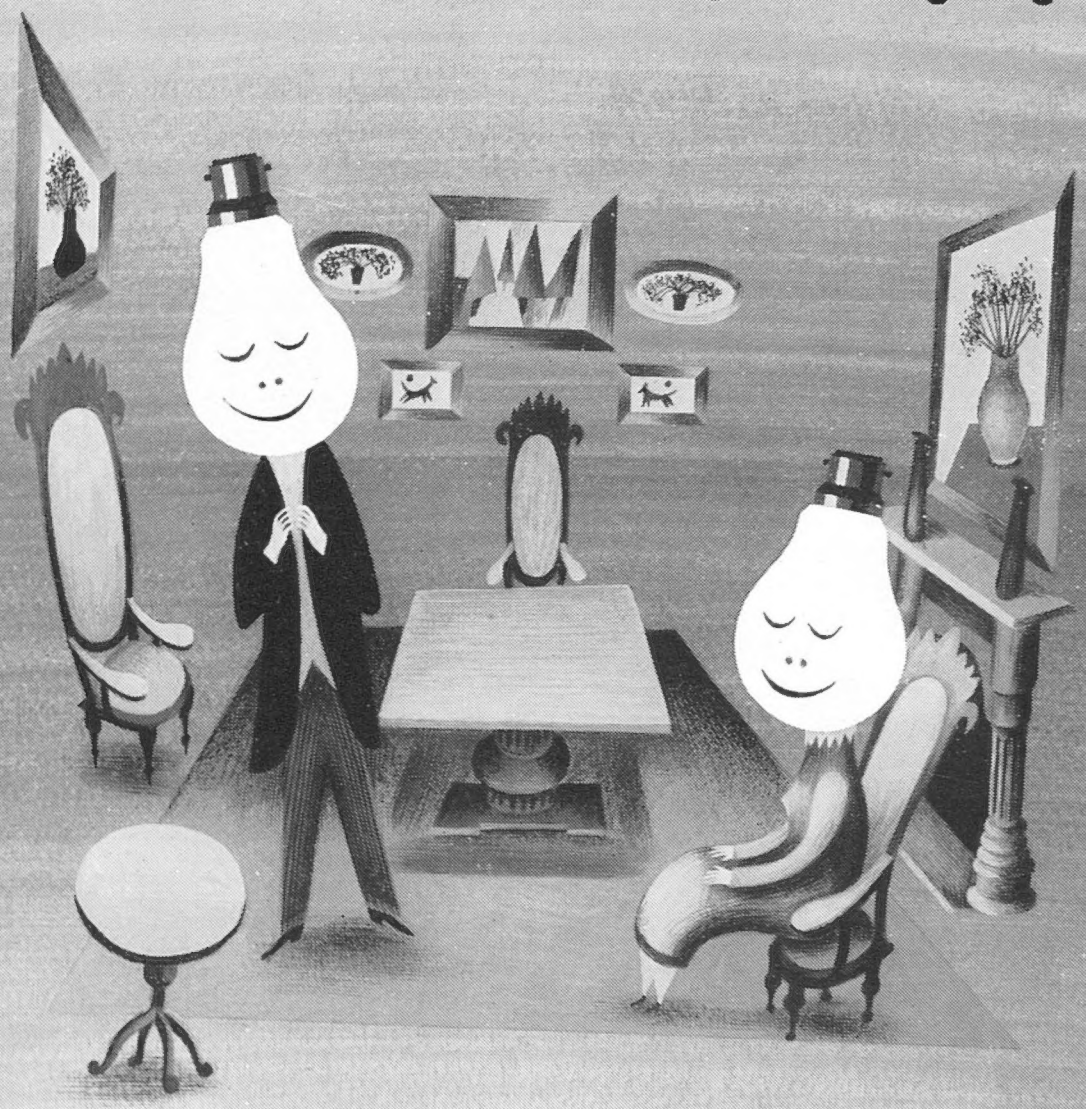

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indeed a happy household. Such a blessing
is the good abundant light that Osram gives.
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THE WONDERFUL LAMP

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Fancy Cakes

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

4 ozs. Stork Margarine
4 ozs. (4 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar
½ teaspoon Vanilla, or other flavouring (optional)
2 eggs · 4 ozs. (4 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour

Stork Icing

3 ozs. Stork Margarine
8 ozs. (8 well-heaped tablespoons) icing sugar
2 dessertspoons milk, water or fruit juice
Colouring and flavouring as desired

Thoroughly cream Stork and sugar together, adding flavouring. Beat in eggs separately, adding a little sieved flour with second. Fold in remaining flour. Half-fill fancy-shaped tins brushed with melted Stork. Place on baking sheet, and bake for 20-25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (Regulo Mark 5: 380°F) on second shelf from top. Turn out and cool on wire tray.

To make the icing, cream Stork with half sieved icing sugar. Beat in flavouring, then beat in remaining sieved icing sugar and liquid, adding colouring as desired.

To finish cakes, coat tops and sides, if liked with icing. Mark with fork to decorate, or add piping, as illustrated. Coat iced sides with desiccated coconut, chopped nuts, or crushed corn flakes. Decorate tops with piped rosettes, etc., and/or halved glacé cherries, and angelica leaves, or mimosa balls, crystallised fruits, rose petals, or violets.

Cut out these recipes and keep them—there'll be lots more to follow

Party Pastries

What cakes! What pastries! They're really something! They'll literally melt in your mouth. And with soft, creamy, made-in-a-minute icing, too. Can *you* make them? Yes, easily—with Stork Margarine. Read all about them.

8 ozs. (8 heaped tablespoons) plain or self-raising flour
Pinch of salt
4 ozs. Stork Margarine
1 rounded dessertspoon castor sugar
1 tablespoon water. 1 egg yolk

Fillings

Two or more varieties of tinned drained fruit—sweetened (raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, sieved peaches, etc.)

Topping

½ pint strained sweetened fruit juice
5 level teaspoons gelatine
Colouring if liked
Whipped cream

Rub cut-up Stork into sieved flour and salt. Dissolve sugar in water, mix with egg yolk, add to rubbed-in ingredients, and mix to stiff paste. Roll out thinly, and line fancy tins. Trim edges, and prick with fork inside. Fill with crusts or beans placed on pieces of grease-proof paper. Place on baking sheet, and bake for 10 minutes in a fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6: 400°F) on second shelf from top. Remove paper, beans, etc., and bake for 15-20 minutes longer. Carefully remove from tins, and cool on wire tray. When cold, fill with drained, sweetened fruit, piling up in the centre.

Dissolve gelatine in juice over low heat, add colouring, cool, and when just setting pour in spoonfuls over fruit. Leave until set. Decorate with rosettes of whipped cream.

Stork Margarine
Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

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